Week ending April 26 1947

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JOHN BULL

Cover Painting by M. B. Critchlow

BREAK THE FOOD DEADLOCK

A John Bull Campaign

SEE PAGE 5

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LADY ROSE, whose book, "The Traveller's Eye," has recently been published under her pen-name Dorothy Carrington, is noted, not only as an authoress, but for the loveliness of her complexion. She's a brunette, but her skin is as fair and delicate as a magnolia petal. Says Lady Rose: "It's thanks to Pond's Creams that my skin stays so smooth and soft always. I use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base."

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3 oz. grated cheese; 1 teaspoonful made mustard; one-eighth pint milk; quarter oz. margarine; 1 teaspoonful flour; salt and pepper; 1 teaspoonful H.P. Sauce.

Melt the margarine, add flour and mix well. Stir in the milk, bring to boil and stir till thick. Add the cheese, mustard, seasoning and H.P. Sauce. Stir over low heat till cheese is melted. Pour at once over slices of hot toast.

N.B.—All cheese dishes are improved with

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JOHN BULL
EDITORIAL
186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468
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APRIL 26, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2130

Here's Our Trade Task

FOR THE PAST FORTNIGHT representatives of eighteen nations have been striving to work out means of improving world trade. The talks have been taking place at Geneva—in the white marble League of Nations Palace.

Humanity suffered untold loss through the weaknesses of the League. Let us hope that the ghost of Failure has been laid in the many-roomed palace. For the wheels of international trade *must* revolve realistically, freely and speedily.

In Britain the problem is clear cut. If we are to be free of foreign borrowing we must export seventy-five per cent more goods than before the war.

Reaching that stiff target will not, however, be enough. The goods must be sold to willing customers at competitive prices.

Whether or not a workable plan arises from the Geneva conference, we at home can be pressing ahead with our own salvation.

Most of the world wants British goods. But that does not mean at any price or of any quality. Our workshops and factories have many serious competitors.

We must increase our output. We must see that quality is maintained. We must see that costs are reduced. A three-fold task that adds up to a little more elbowgrease—and an improved chance for better living.

Franco—and Juan

THE BATTLE OF WORDS continues between General Francisco Franco, the ruler of Spain, and Don Juan, the would-be King of Spain.

Franco is the man in possession. He has a "loyal" army of half a million to which he feeds most of Spain's revenues. He holds the whip hand in the Peninsula.

But Franco's name stinks everywhere.

We ourselves have a bad conscience over Spain. We let Hitler and Mussolini put the dictator into power in a so-called civil war which was really the rehearsal for our own death-struggle with Fascism.

And so, many people in Britain are asking whether we ought not to support Don Juan's claim in the hope of getting rid of Franco. True, this would not restore the Republic which was blown away by German bombs and Italian bullets. But, they argue, it would be better than leaving this pocket of Fascism to fester in Europe.

The truth is that it might be a little better—but how much better would depend entirely on the way in which Juan honoured his promises if he were once again installed at the Escorial Palace.

He says that he would allow an election or plebiscite as soon as possible to confirm his restoration. He also says that he would institute political freedom for all, including the Left-wing workers, and would diminish the influence of the Church on the State.

But he dodges the issue of an amnesty which would apply unconditionally to all sides in the bitter Spanish quarrel.

The monarchy for which Juan stands has enemies both among the Fascists and among the Republicans. Juan's evasive answers suggest that he would like to settle all these scores. If so, his return would merely start another bloody chapter of the Spanish tragedy.

The sensible course for the Western democracies, since they cannot go to war to re-install democracy at Madrid, is to let Spain settle her own destiny, while making sure that Spanish Fascism can't corrupt its neighbours. In the long run every nation gets the Government it deserves.

Crack Down on Crime

THE CRIME WAVE mounts. And the emphasis is on robbery with violence—attacks on banks, shops, warehouses.

The gangsterism from which we are now suffering depends for its existence on a well-organized and well-equipped underworld which can handle booty as well as acquire it.

Here the police can actually prevent crime more effectively than they can cure it. Are they doing their job of *prevention* properly?

That is a question which the Home Secretary, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the Chief Constables in the provinces ought to be asking themselves every day.

It is no good blaming the situation on the unregistered deserter, the foreign undesirable and "normal" postwar lawlessness.

If there are not enough police to protect law-abiding citizens by stamping out organized crime, let more be recruited.

If there *are* enough police, but of insufficient quality, let the training methods be again overhauled.

It's no time for complacency. Present results are not good enough. Every new crime shakes public confidence — and encourages further wrongdoing.

That Drug again

THERE ARE STILL frequent S.O.S.s for streptomycin for the treatment of desperate cases of tuberculous meningitis. Yet all the evidence shows that few cures have ever resulted, and that the after-effects of treatment are usually terrible and lasting.

Streptomycin is a weapon against disease which we cannot yet aim accurately.

Responsibility for its use must not be left to individual doctors, or to the patient's relatives.

At present there is no regular supply. Hence those B.B.C. appeals. All the streptomycin in Britain has been imported from America for research purposes.

Research implies its considered use, in non-lethal quantities, in cases where no great harm can be done. And until that research has yielded positive and successful control of the new weapon, there should be no more gambling with life and sanity. Any emergency use of the drug should be banned in the meantime.

That is the intelligent layman's point of view.

If and when medical science gives the all-clear, and not before, streptomycin can take its place alongside penicillin and the sulfa drugs as part of the doctor's armoury against death.

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My doctor said I wanted a tonic — and how right he was. The very next day I found these heavenly little shoes in your branch — and believe me, I'm full of the joys of spring once more!

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Mrs. Jones and her 3/4 of a Hoover!

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As fast as Hoover Cleaners are made they are delivered to Authorised Hoover Dealers, sound people whom you can trust.

HOOVER LTD. (E.154), PERIVALE, GREENFORD MIDDX.
Please register my name and address for the Hoover home service scheme.

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Astoundingly efficient — removes every trace of grease from your sink in 10 seconds. Mirro makes sinks shine . . . pans gleam . . . faster . . . cleaner . . . because it is specially blended to dissolve dirty grease. And remember—Mirro can't scratch.

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Kills grease in 10 seconds

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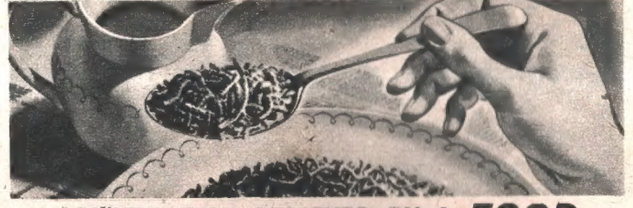

CONSTIPATION RELIEVED BY A FOOD

No drugs — no medicine — just a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal

CONSTIPATION is one of the most widespread troubles of this age. Our diet to-day contains insufficient bulk for the intestinal muscles to get hold of; they become sluggish. Constipation inevitably follows.

But there is one sure way of obtaining lasting, natural relief. Give your system the bulk it needs. Take Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast every morning. Take it, too, with stewed fruit, and sprinkled on soups and stews. This crisp, delicious cereal gets rid of constipation surely and thoroughly. You'll feel the glorious fitness that only regularity can bring.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

On points, 7½d. a packet

"My kiddies love it . . . so good for them too!"

Wherever you use Milk — use Carnation. It makes lovely puddings and custards — it's grand in tea and coffee. Remember it's pure fresh cows' milk with some of the water removed by evaporation. Therefore to make rich creamy milk you simply add water.

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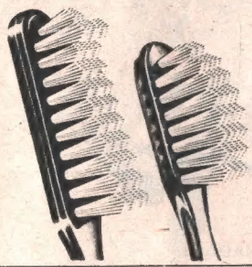
Sold on Merit alone—and supplies are better too.



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He's changed to **COLGATE Brushless** shave cream

"A BETTER SHAVE WITHOUT A BRUSH THAN YOU'VE EVER HAD WITH ONE"

Everywhere in Jars 3/- A few shops may have Tubes 1/9

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need the threefold comfort treatment:— A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. Try it and know what real foot comfort is like.

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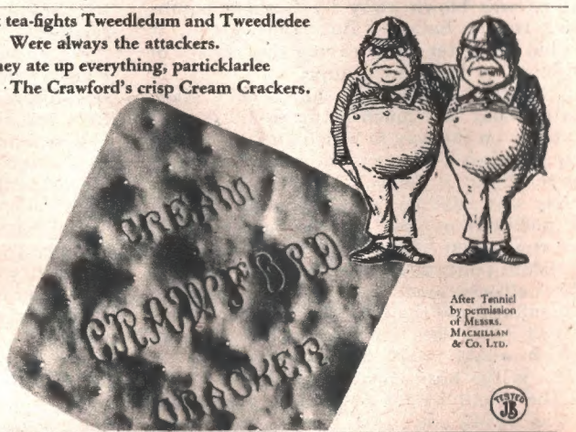
Cuticura OINTMENT

At tea-fights Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Were always the attackers.
They ate up everything, particklarlee
The Crawford's crisp Cream Crackers.



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Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits

JOHN BULL STARTS A CAMPAIGN TO

Break the Food Deadlock

The food shortage is still the most serious of all the postwar troubles.

It affects everybody. It is a national as well as an international problem.

British rationing is probably the fairest in the world. Yes, but it remains true that too many people do not get enough to eat.

What's wrong? JOHN BULL is determined to find the answer, and press for the remedies.

We open the campaign by reviewing the whole, scandalous muddle of food in a series of articles specially written by Claud Morris.

"The food outrage," Morris declares, "is a deadlock of politics, self-interest and personal privilege, which prolongs the agony of a war without guns. . . .

Morris wants to replace equal distribution of the *minimum* by a new food target—equally distributing the *maximum*.

Here is his first article.

"On the hot seat in the Food Ministry—John Strachey. In the next six months he can either make himself great or break my aunt's heart"

THE FACT IS, MY AUNT'S HUNGRY

by CLAUD MORRIS

MY AUNT IS BENT and lame and deaf, but she can pound her cane, hitch her shawl around her shoulders, stamp at her usual seat.

On that day the atom bomb went off I called to see her. She said a mushroom-shaped cloud over Bikini wouldn't feed the kids down her street.

I called to see her again the other afternoon and she was just as emphatic. The one solid fact about 1947, as in 1946, is that my aunt is hungry every four hours.

She is short of bread, she is short of vegetables, she is short of butter. She sits without food while her menfolk feed, because that's what the poor have always done.

She's not satisfied, and neither am I.

We both of us belong to the three hundred million dissatisfied people all over the world who, experts agree, are going either hungry or short.

If Dr. Gallup put on seven-league boots and took a public opinion poll of all the girls in working-class houses in the north, he would find millions slinking into a grey borderland between health and disease. Girls—irritable, depressed, quarrelsome, nervous, confused in thought, uncertain in memory. Girls with headache, backache and gastric discomfort after meals, while the coloured-water and pink-pill chemists get ready to make a second fortune.

Is this the trouble with you, and do you know why it is?

I am told by a famous doctor that in certain districts sixty per cent of the girls between sixteen and twenty, and fifty per cent of the women between twenty and thirty are anaemic.

People are what they eat. Much of the bad of their body and the good of their body in terms of aches and pains or zip and zest comes from what they get on the plate in front of them three times a day.

Britons are not as much undernourished as they are *mal*nourished. Shortage of green food today means there are people in industry chugging along on blood of low horsepower rating. Meat and other foods, like cabbage and fruit, containing the B vitamins, are either too dear or too scarce.

It doesn't take a medical bloodhound from the B.M.A. to discover that the Britain of today, perhaps the best-doctored nation on earth, is "under-corpuscled."

Green foods—where are they? Down near Land's End, on the toe of England, I could look out of my bedroom window a couple of months ago on enough green crops to feed half a million mouths. Broccoli by the tens of thousands, worth about twopence each, manured by hundreds of cartloads of seaweed, rich in iron, warmed by the sun and crisped by the Atlantic showers.

Somebody's Conjuring Trick

At exactly the same time, up in Birmingham, my twopenny broccoli cost eighteenpence.

Green foods—where are they?

Shove your way through Sudbury town, in Suffolk, on a Thursday afternoon this summertime and you will be able to wrap up a pound of brussels sprouts for a threepenny bit. In the Strand in London the same sprouts will cost sixpence.

It costs threepence to bring a pound of brussels sprouts fifty-five miles!

Somewhere between the time the Cornish broccoli leaves the end of my lane and the moment it hits the churning tides of Covent Garden, somebody does the conjuring trick. The quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Gentlemen in Regent Street suitings manipulate pieces of paper from hand to hand and, hey presto! twopenceworth becomes eighteenpence. But that is only half the story.

Lord Addison, who should know, says the job of cutting food distribution costs, now £400,000,000 a year, is one of our biggest headaches. Once, as Minister of Agriculture, his hair turned white trying to get Sudbury sprouts into London at a price that would seem like a "fair do." In the end he threw up his hands and said it defied Ministerial action.

In the House of Lords I once heard him declare that the reason was the enormous power of some combines who act as distributing agents.

It is vital for the farmer, for the housewife, for plain men everywhere, that we break that power in 1947.

Then listen to Viscount Bledisloe, champion for the Tories. The problem, he says, had been a public scandal for at least a generation. Yet it is only one aspect of the vast mess in which the food industry wallows.

I am not only angry because my aunt is hungry, or because the worst type of middleman lives in a state of artificial barriers and high prices. I am mad because this is still a world of false values, a world of grab and gimme and divide.

You can also trace the guilt to two other parties. The consumer suspects that the farmer is greedy and incompetent. The farmer thinks the consumer is fickle and indifferent. And perhaps they are both right.

But in between stands the type of middleman who is ready and waiting to pick both pockets and bring a bad reputation to others practising his business.

Then consider food today for what it is, an all-

The perplexing story of our vegetables. Prologue above—Land's End, where broccoli grow by the thousands, "worth twopence each." Epilogue right—Covent Garden deal. "Somewhere between, somebody does a conjuring trick . . . twopence becomes 1s. 6d."

over-the-world battle. Set our sights on our own land first. Statistics are great, figures are an indispensable part of modern government, but you can't get fat on them.

The Food Minister believes that the people of Britain are as well fed as can be. Statistically he's right. The coupons say so. The miles of files say so. Somebody in the Civil Service is willing to go on a statistical binge to prove it.

But I can take him round my parish to a dozen cottages where the woman sits before an empty plate during the main course at midday, and the man silently munches a ration-for-two.

It has been so for many years. The landlord at Long Lanes farm hammers his pint-pot on the bar of the "Cock and Bull" and says it was better in Woolton's time. Lord Woolton, the Father Christmas who always brought home the wartime bacon, combined tact with Manchester horse sense, but he did not contend with the end of lend-lease, a starving Europe, and millions hungry in the wake of war.

Then remember Big Ben Smith? My aunt got the idea from her morning paper that Sir Ben knew no more about feeding the British family than he did in the days when he tipped his hat in a windblown taxi for a sixpenny tip. It was a hasty conclusion. I think she was slandering a sincere fellow. But nevertheless Ben found the Food Ministry more hectic in peace than it had ever been in war.

Strachey—the Helicopter

John Strachey, who now sits on the hot seat, has had a career like a helicopter: straight up. In the next six months he can either make himself great or break my aunt's heart.

If somebody says they've harnessed the atom to industry, or exported a hundred thousand more cars, my aunt will hitch her shawl closer round her shoulders and rapidly turn to the comic strip. But if Strachey tells her the family is to get another twopenn'orth of steak a week, she'll applaud to the point of damaging the crockery.

That's life today in a country where everyone is tired, where the patterns of millions of lives have been changed, where the black market is still the market, and where few people have any faith left.

Of course we are not alone in the problem. Look abroad. Many imagine that America's only food problem is to feed Britain. But the raw fact is that U.S.A. is inundated with requests from all over the world. Mr. Clinton Anderson, who looks after farming in America, told a Congressional committee a little time ago that the Yanks were in the position of a family that owns a litter of puppies. They've got to decide which ones to leave drown.

It is a world problem, and lots of malicious glances are being thrown at the Yanks. I heard the other day from my friend Thio, one of a food delegation to Washington from India. He went to try to buy four million tons of grain needed to save, perhaps, fifteen million of his countrymen from death. He was shocked by the sight of rice being thrown at wedding couples, and half-eaten bread rolls going into hotel garbage cans in New York.

Yet there are ritzy hotels in London that would shock Thio. There are gentlemen in Charing Cross and round about Piccadilly who sit down at pickle-pine desks and wave Havana cigars in plump white hands, and feed like porkers.

I could also take him on the 9.20 twin-engined liner out of Croydon to Berlin, and some German would be telling him the favourite joke of today: "I've got a friend called Hans who doesn't have to work. He's got a hen."

As a matter of fact, a German with two hens laying six eggs a week has often been able to swap his eggs for the equivalent of a miner's wage.

Food is the fuel of revolution. The Powers controlling the different zones in Germany are bidding for the ideas they represent by trying to feed their people better.

The food outrage is a deadlock of politics, self-interest and personal privilege which prolongs the agony of a war without guns.

At home, the farmer is bewildered and his workmen have ceased to care. Jim, two farms away, has sold his cows because his men won't come in Sundays. A child in the next town has rickets and could do with a pint. A man dies in Warwickshire because his milk priority is taken away.

The food distributor is a man tied with the red tape of vested interests who wants to get more than his fair share. The legitimate fellow does a sound job, but to every justified food distributor there are six parasites on the farmer's back.

The ordinary man still has to buy comparatively dear food of inferior quality. With the end of war, with the fading of patriotism, he feels a lessening guilt about any black market.

When everybody sins, who shall tell the sinner?

Can this mess and muddle in food be solved quickly—and how can it be solved? How can we end the conception of the equal distribution of the *minimum* and replace it by a new idea of equally distributing the *maximum*? Is not a good plate of bacon and eggs the birthright of every Briton? I think we come to three main conclusions. First, the outside world is in a mess—we can't depend on world food supplies. Therefore we must grow more food at home.

Second, Britain needs exports to live, but full production doesn't come out of quarter-empty bellies. You don't get output from machinists with backache. We need the plus energy provided by more vitamin foods—greenstuff—if we are to become again a healthy nation.

Third, John Strachey must step in now and fix national prices for vegetables. The diversity of price between rationed and unrationed food should end. No woman who gets a piece of meat at the proper price should be forced, a couple of shops away, to pay 3s. 6d. a pound for carrots or 2s. 3d. for a cauliflower.

And what about the thousands of square miles (not acres) of neglected land in Britain that could still produce a crop this year?

NEXT WEEK: *What's Stopping Bert, the Farmer?*

CLAUD MORRIS, writer of the JOHN BULL series on Food, is twenty-seven, was born in Cornwall. He comes from a family of tin miners and farmers. An elementary schoolboy, he became a farm labourer at fourteen. At eighteen he joined a farming weekly as a reporter, became assistant editor two years later, and at twenty left to take over editorship of another farming paper. When war broke out Morris became a foreign correspondent, spent nine months with the Canadian Army. Invalided out, he worked in Fleet Street. In 1943 he became personal assistant to Emmanuel Shinwell, then a leading Opposition figure. He was two years in this post. Now he runs his own publishing firm—and the land remains one of his major interests.

CONSCRIPTION OF GIRLS • INTERNATIONAL TALKS • THE WEATHER • YOUNG AND OLD IN COMPANY • WRITERS' CRITICS

—These subjects were put to J. B. Priestley by John Bull readers. His comments are a regular weekly feature

Priestley's Page

Q. "Should girls be conscripted as well as boys?"

I SAY YES. But then I am a feminist. In other words, I believe that all professions and positions should be open to women, that there should be equal pay for equal work without regard to sex, and that all the privileges of citizenship should be shared by women.

Holding these views, I believe, too, that the responsibilities of citizenship should be shared equally between boys and girls, young men and young women.

If young men are to be called to devote a year or two to the service of their country, then young women should be called to do this, too.

Moreover, I believe some form of national service would do most girls a great deal of good. It would take them out of the film-and-dance-hall atmosphere for a year or so. It would enable them to learn a lot that otherwise many of them might never learn. It would tend to break down the barriers between classes, which, in my view, are stronger between women than they are between men. It would give girls an opportunity of seeing far more of their own country.

And if girls are to press forward to more and better jobs in the professions, industry, the Civil Service, the fact that they, too, were conscripted, and were not left free to push on while the youths of their generation were called up, would leave the youths without a sense of grievance or any sex jealousy.

Finally, much useful training could be acquired, and a certain amount of good work could be done by girls during their time of national service.

Q. "Why are international affairs publicly discussed, when it must be easier to reach agreement in private?"

WE appear to be in an unsatisfactory halfway stage in this matter. The tradition of "secret diplomacy" still exists, and all is not yet open and above board.

On the other hand, international affairs of the utmost importance are often discussed not merely in public but in the terrific glare of all the world's spotlights. This may lead, as we have sometimes seen, to representatives of the principal powers not seeking any chance of agreement or possible compromise, but overstating their own point of view, consciously or unconsciously "playing to the gallery."

In short, when the occasion is all too public, vanity may play too large a part in the proceedings.

Moreover, quite apart from these personal considerations and weaknesses, there are many things a Foreign Secretary might be ready to admit about his country in private that he could not admit in public.

Nevertheless, to hold all discussions of international affairs on a high level in the strictest secrecy would be dead against the modern democratic idea, and would contradict the very spirit in which the United Nations were formed.

Without the least pretence of being an expert in this field, I would say off-hand that we want either more secrecy or less, and preferably less. Democratic peoples do not want their futures to be shaped and pledged at discussions of which they themselves know nothing.

Q. "Is there any special significance in the dreadful weather we have had during the past twelve months or so?"

THERE are a great many people who believe—even if they do not say so—that there is some special significance in this appalling spell of weather.

Some of them, in their heart of hearts, blame it all on the atom bombs. Others cannot help feeling that human wickedness has, in some mysterious fashion, conjured wet summers and freezing winter months out of the atmosphere. We are, they feel, being punished by the elements.

We have had hundreds of generations of ancestors who felt like this, and their outlook still survives in us to some extent.

But my own view, though I can feel my ancestors stirring at the back of my mind, is that although the weather can have a strong influence upon human behaviour (my own very much included), human behaviour has no influence whatever upon the weather.

It might be possible some time in the future for human beings to control the weather, but we have not yet arrived at that peak in our progress, so we have to take and endure what the elements send us. But even when we can control the weather, we shall still be quarrelling and grumbling, for we do not all like the same sort of weather.

Q. "Is it best for people to spend most of their leisure with their contemporaries, or should people of various ages mix together?"

FOR people to seek out their contemporaries and spend much time with them is natural, but it is not good if the different generations hardly ever mix.

It always seemed to me a notable weakness of American social life, for example, that it seemed to consist of groups of persons roughly of the same age, and that the different generations spent little of their leisure together.

It is good for all if the young, the middle-aged and the elderly see something of each other, so long as no particular generation imposes its own tastes on the rest.

The old should not try to be young, and the young should not try to be old. Let each generation be itself, but that is no reason why it should exist in a watertight compartment.

When I was young I often enjoyed—and owed much to—the society of my elders, and now that I am nearly one of the elderly myself, being a family man I see much of the young and find great pleasure in their company. And this, I think, is common in Britain.

Q. "As a writer do you find that praise outweighs hostile criticism?"

NO, I wish it did. And I agree that it ought to do. But like most artists (and there is plenty of evidence for this), I find myself remembering and resenting the blame and the dislike long after I have accepted and forgotten the praise.

The taste of the vinegar lingers longer than that of the sugar. I do not think this is mere wounded vanity, although I do not rule that out. But when any artist feels that, after much toil and trouble, he has expressed and achieved something worth having, he tends to be profoundly shocked, and often deeply hurt, when he discovers that there are people who fail to understand what he has been trying to do; and often he begins to wonder whether there is something wrong with him or something wrong with them.

A mother who proudly showed her children to a number of visitors would be equally shocked and hurt if one of the visitors cried: "Take those ugly brats away." And she would remember this incident long after she had forgotten most of the nice things that had been said to her.

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

Private View of Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox

PARTNERS IN SUCCESS

THE SUCCESS OF A PARTNERSHIP may be judged from its results: Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox can offer as evidence a series of profitable and highly popular motion pictures of which the latest is *The Courtneys of Curzon Street*.

Lacking any of the personal quirks and oddities that identify a Hitchcock or Orson Welles picture, the Wilcox touch is better recognized as the Wilcox formula—a straightforward story, un-fussy treatment, and Anna Neagle. It is essentially popular stuff, but the Wilcoxes do not claim to do more than entertain, to give the public what it wants with ingredients of good quality. And it is the sure Wilcox knowledge of what the box office wants which dictates what is good.

Nothing they put over ever smacks of West End sophistry or phony artiness. Emotions are uncomplicated and direct, the characters conform to accepted patterns, the dialogue comes from everyday life. As a formula it has seldom failed. Their last film, *Piccadilly Incident*, broke circuit records when shown in this country, and, like its predecessor, *I Lived in Grosvenor Square*, went on to add dollars to the pounds. As Neagle and Wilcox have scored with each of the films they have made together, there is little cause for wonder.

In the movie business—both here and from where we won't be getting so many films in the future—a relationship like the one that created *Victoria the Great* and its successors is unique. There have been husband and wife collaborative efforts before in celluloid, but never one so sustained or productive.

If nothing else, the Wilcoxes have created a record merely by this partnership, but as for the result, both of its content and market value, much is due undoubtedly to chance, for chance brought them together. The rest is contained in their approach to the cinema, their attitude towards people and just how they get on together.

There are very few intimacies of the movie business that Herbert Wilcox has still to share—after nearly thirty years. He started as a film salesman, after serving in the R.F.C. in the first World War, and worked in nearly every movie department.

Anna Neagle began as Marjorie Robertson, a teacher of ballroom dancing and a world championship finalist. She became a Cochran young lady and appeared in the West End in a revue chorus.

Until she went to America in 1930 her ambition projected her little further than the front line nearest the footlights and later, maybe, a husband and family, but on Broadway the enthusiasm of the other girls stirred Anna Neagle to take herself seriously, too. She took singing lessons, studied voice, practised walking with books on her head.

"I MAY find myself another producer," Anna Neagle once said, touching Herbert's sleeve lightly with the tips of her fingers, "but never another husband!" Then she looked at him and he held her glance with the same sort of intentness that he has often inspired in her screen lovers. The Wilcoxes have been married three years; they still behave like honeymooners.

She declares he is thoughtful and attentive, that he remembers birthdays and anniversaries and fixes it so that she can see flowers whenever possible and wherever she goes. She is pleased that he is a simple, kindly, honest, fatherly creature, with no temperament, temper or prejudices, that he is reasonable, cheerful and optimistic, appreciative and easy to please, that he has no vices and can be trusted, that he doesn't snore and his other habits are unobtrusive.

In other words, he's a "poppet."

Summing up his wife, Wilcox will let analysis dissolve into a great big, sheepish smile. But he will allow that Anna Neagle is an intelligent, enthusiastic, determined and ambitious little person, absolutely sincere, but wilful and obstinate. You can lead her anywhere—up to a point—but drive her nowhere.

Confidence and self-discipline have helped her along, with a sound, unladylike constitution and rather a tomboyish zest for living. (She used to be a very creditable cricketer.) Her unruffled temperament was never better seen in public than when, playing Rosalind at an open-air performance of *As You Like It*, she completely forgot her lines, laughed, tossed her arms gaily, and cried: "Well, it doesn't matter, anyway."

But the secret of the unparalleled Neagle success—she is the only British film actress to retain a place in the first rank for something like fifteen years—lies in the unflagging supervision that Wilcox has exercised over her career. It is no criticism of her talents as an actress to point out that it is Wilcox who made her a star.

From the earliest days he was the tutelary genius, prompting, guiding, shielding, sometimes even acting as spokesman for her: "I think what An-nah means to say is . . ." or "I'm sure An-nah will agree that. . . ."

Always the same solicitous attendance on the girl whom he meant to make famous, the careful, caressing intonation of the "An-nah," the constant revelation of a bond between them which to outsiders now seems to have grown very near to telepathy. With a woman of less accented character, the relationship would have prompted memories of Trilby.

Outside of their work, the Wilcoxes have few interests. He conceives the picture as a whole, has the script written and goes into every detail of production personally. Just before the shooting begins, they move from their country house at Elstree to an apartment in an old building adjoining the studio at Shepperton.

She is on the floor by 7.15 a.m. and a working day is a solid twelve hours. They understand each other perfectly, and get on with the job without argument or raising the voice, except when they get it right the first time and Herbert Wilcox squeals with delight and embraces the stars concerned.

Ordinarily Herbert Wilcox is very much more critical of Anna Neagle than any other director would be; she is never let off lightly. He has a theory that if a body is worked over and over again to the point of exhaustion, all imperfections are purged away and the true character he is seeking will emerge.

Off the set, the Wilcoxes sit through rushes, he has a pile of office work that would take another man all day and she must attend to a volume of fan mail, and to the wardrobe department that requires her to stand immobile and patient through interminable fittings.

So, by the end of the day, they are hardly likely to be interested in the prospect of anything apart from rest.

After dinner they may take a mild stroll, or they read, or a couple of friends drop in for a chat. As host and hostess, they are notably generous and sincere. They like their friends.

Belonging to that side of the fence that provides the entertainment, they are not very interested in being entertained themselves. Parties they treat as they would an epidemic of bubonic plague.

After a film is shot there follows the endless task of editing and superimposing music. When that is done and his latest picture is ready for the circuit, Herbert Wilcox goes out and sells it. Literally he hawks it. Trying once in America to secure distribution for *Piccadilly Incident*, he engaged a cinema for a trade showing, and with the critics invited all the junior employees of the distributing firms.

In commenting on the film, the critics reported yelps of appreciation they had heard in the darkened cinema, and next day typists and lift operators made the building buzz with excitement. Directors heard of it. Soon Wilcox had them wanting to buy from him, which is a reversal of a long-established practice.

ONLY one interest can encroach on the Wilcoxes' very serious business of making movies. It is soccer. For many years now Anna has adopted two teams—West Ham United and Arsenal.

A rather hectic enthusiasm, soccer began for Anna when her brothers took her out of school to see her first cup final at Wembley, and she startled a section of spectators by the frenzy of her cheering. Ever since Anna has haunted cup finals. Before the war she worked Sundays in order that she could go to matches on Saturday afternoons.

Herbert Wilcox, among other things, played soccer for his school in Brighton. He was a goalkeeper.

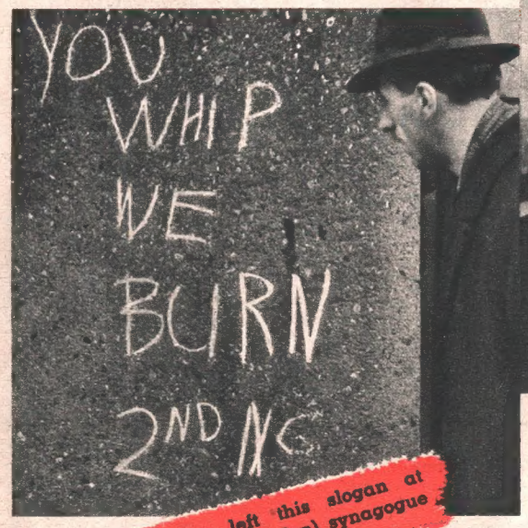
He was an asset. Later he played twelve matches for his county and they won twelve games. He played cricket, too, and claims, once, to have taken three wickets in an over.

Whenever Wilcox and Neagle go on a holiday, they go to America. They love the Americans and will reel off stories, prompting each other in turn, of their adventures through forty-six States. Best is what happened in Oklahoma, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. White Owl of the Osage Tribe.

Anna danced for them. She did the Alice Blue Gown Dance from *Irene*, and for that they wrapped her in a blanket by the camp fire and made her the only white princess of the tribe. But her name makes her stutter. It is Wahshawah Wahkokaiika.

DENNIS HOLMAN

FIRST STEPS TO FASCISM



Fire-raisers left this slogan at Cricklewood (London) synagogue

Police "reconstruct" the crime: vandals broke window to enter

And inside the synagogue, they set alight these Hebrew scrolls

by DENNIS BARDENS

Anti-Jewish symptoms are on the increase in Britain. We must guard against those in our midst who follow in Hitler's steps

AT ITS MILDEST, the recent marked increase in anti-Semitism in Britain shows itself in the non-admission of Jews to certain golf clubs. At its vilest, it has been manifested in the desecration of the Scrolls of the Law—the five books of Moses—by hooligans at a north-west London synagogue.

An anti-Semitic organization vaunting a German slogan, "Wir kommen wieder" ("We shall come again"), is reported to have been active in north London, and in the East End Jewish businessmen have received anonymous threats by telephone.

In Bristol, Bradford, Leeds, there has been similar evidence of anti-Semitism.

We must consider the unpleasant phenomenon of anti-Semitism because its implications affect us all. For wherever Jew-hating flourishes, the liberty of ordinary people of all classes and creeds is in peril. Jew-hating is the oldest weapon in the blood-stained armoury of reaction.

New converts to Fascism, and old-timers detained under Regulation 18B for known pro-Nazi sympathies, are exploiting the Palestine situation for all they are worth, condemning Jews as a whole for the crimes of a tiny minority. The hateful mumbo-jumbo of racialism is being spread in literature that could have come straight from the offices of Hitler and Goebbels.

Why is anti-Semitism growing in Britain and what can we do to prevent it?

It would be a gross over-simplification to blame everything on Jewish terrorism in Palestine. Undoubtedly the insolent demands and cowardly gangsterdom of the extremists have lost the Jews much goodwill in this country and provided professional Jew-baiters with welcome ammunition.

But Palestine is not the key to this thing.

Firstly, these acts are not the work of British Jews. Secondly, not all Jews are Zionists. Thirdly, only a small minority of Zionists are terrorists. Even taking Palestine's half a million Jews as a whole, they represent only five per cent of the world's total Jewish population.

Nobody would consider the Jews a nation of heroes because one had won the V.C. Why should they be branded all alike because individuals misbehave? In any case, the Vaad Leumi, the National Council of Palestinian Jewry, has stated that the Jewish Community and the Zionist Movement reject terror as a political weapon though, regrettably, they have refused to co-operate with the British authorities in tracking down the culprits. The Board of Deputies of British Jews has also condemned "the irresponsible groups whose criminal behaviour is contrary to all teachings of Judaism and can only harm the interests of the Jewish people."

Nor should anger about the terror in Palestine blind us to its root cause—the enormity of the tragedy that has swept across Europe. Throughout the war Europe's Jews have lived amid fear, humiliation and suffering. As proved at the Nuremberg trial, nearly six million of them have been done to death in every circumstance of horror.

No Home, No Love

Of the three and a half million survivors on the Continent there are hundreds of thousands who were children when the war began. They have grown up without knowing, for six years, the security of a home, the love of parents and friends, the moderating influence of religion or education.

During a recent tour of Central Europe I met many Jews who were the sole survivors of large families. I visited the fortress of Terezin, where 80,000 Jews were killed, and I asked myself: Supposing *you* were one of the survivors, could you live near memories of this sort?

So thoroughly have the Nazis taught racial hatred that their work cannot be undone in a day; anti-Semitism is still rife on the Continent. Young Jews feel that they cannot build life anew in such an atmosphere.

Some of them, bred on injustice and degradation, have been denied human and legal rights to such an extent and for such a time that they have not developed any feeling of responsibility to the world or society.

To see where anti-Semitism is likely to lead us we must consider its history in this country.

Jews first came to Britain in 1066 with William the Conqueror. As elsewhere in Europe, they were not allowed to own land, could not practise handicrafts because the craft guilds were Christian in basis, and could not trade. They were left with nothing but money-lending as a means of living, kings and nobles using them freely as a source of loans. This historical circumstance gave rise to the legend of the "mean old Jew."

They were expelled in 1290 and readmitted after 1655 under Cromwell, becoming assimilated into our social fabric and, with succeeding generations, making their contribution to Britain's social and economic development.

Scapegoat for Tyrants

Jews have fought in our wars. In the last war 62,000 British Jews served with the armed forces, 13,000 of them with the R.A.F.

Their ancient faith was the basis of a great and flourishing civilization when savagery and barbarism reigned in Europe. Devotion to their faith, together with separate observance of their own Sabbath and moral code, has given them that "difference" which acts as a goad to the illiterate, who often fear or hate what they cannot understand.

This xenophobia has often been exploited by despotic rulers who have found in Jews a convenient scapegoat on which dissatisfied subjects could avenge themselves.

Yet in Britain anti-Semitism, so contrary to our deep-rooted instincts of tolerance and goodwill, has never really flourished. There were murmurs of dissatisfaction in the eighties of last century, when Russian and Polish Jews came here to escape from pogroms in their own countries, but the growth of trade unionism convinced workers that their hope lay in a constructive programme of social betterment rather than in the futile persecution of a minority.

There were bad Jews, of course, but they did not own the Lancashire sweat shops, the gin palaces or the coal mines.

But with the growth of Fascism on the Continent,

groups of political adventurers began, prewar, to copy Fascist methods in Britain. The first to appear was the Imperial Fascist League, founded in 1928. Its emblem was the Union Jack with the swastika superimposed. More important, however, was Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists, which copied Nazi ideology and uniform and went all out to foment racial hatred.

After a projected march through the East End had almost caused a riot, the Government passed the Public Order Act of 1936, prohibiting political uniforms, the carrying of offensive weapons and the making of public statements likely to cause a breach of the peace.

There were also the more "respectable" pro-Nazi organizations such as the Anglo-German Fellowship and "The Link." They spread the poison of anti-Semitism in more subtle ways. The ravings of Goebbels were translated into polite teatime conversation.

On the outbreak of war the ringleaders of the Fascist groups were jailed under Regulation 18B, but their lesser-known supporters chalked up anti-Jewish slogans in the streets and engaged in a whispering campaign. Jews were accused of panic in air raids, of black marketeering, of dodging Army service. A glance at the charge sheets of any police court, or at the lists of Britain's 20,000 deserters, would have proved the absurdity of these charges.

Within a few hours of the tragic disaster at Bethnal Green shelter, when 150 people were killed during an air raid alert, it was rumoured that "the Jews" had panicked. In fact, this was not the shelter used by Jews: There are two sides to Bethnal Green, and this was the non-Jewish side. A Government inquiry completely vindicated Jews of this baseless but damaging accusation.

Hitler always realized that anti-Semitism was his most valuable political weapon. It fosters the will to hate and to oppress minorities. Once cultivate that, and the tide of violence can be diverted at will against Socialists, Communists, Catholics, Freemasons—any group of people or any nation.

How right he was in this technique of perversion is a matter of history. And since the recent acts of hooliganism and hysteria are so contrary to our traditions of tolerance, we may ask: *Who is behind organized anti-Semitism in this country?*

Not first in importance, but certainly in mischievousness, comes the founder of the Imperial Fascist League, Arnold Leese, who was sent to prison in 1936 for "effecting a public mischief" by publishing the ritual murder libel and during the war was detained under Regulation 18B. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment three weeks ago for harbouring escaped prisoners of war in Britain.

In Streicher's Style

Following his release from "18B" detention, Leese maintained a steady output of virulent anti-Jewish propaganda from his home in Pewley Hill, Guildford.

His mimeographed bulletin, *Gothic Ripples*, copied the style of Streicher's *Der Sturmer*, with articles on racialism and curt announcements such as "—— is a half-caste Jew, his mother, ——, being a Jewess." An advertisement sought employment for a young man whose main qualification was that he spent "fifteen months in prison for opposing the Jewish war. Reply: Swastika, c/o the Editor."

Leese was in close contact with H. H. Lockwood, research secretary of the Duke of Bedford's "British People's Party," in whose journal, the *People's Post*, he printed some of his vicious anti-Semitic propaganda. The party's secretary is John Beckett, once Director of Publicity of the British Union of Fascists.

Another occasional visitor to the Leese household was Admiral Sir Barry Domville, formerly chief of the pro-German propaganda organization "The Link," and former 18B detainee. Domville has contributed weekly articles under the pseudonym "Canute" to the ultra-right-wing weekly, *Patriot*, a paper which is rabidly anti-Russian and anti-Government. His articles are anti-Semitic but he does not descend to Leese's level of vulgar abuse.

Increasing activity has been shown by the British League of Ex-Service Men and Women, run by Jeffrey Hamm from his flat in Arundel Gardens, Bayswater. It was at a meeting held by this organization that the cry was alleged, in a recent court case, to have been raised: "Burn the synagogues!" Its open-air meetings are devoted mainly to attacking the British Legion and denouncing Jews. The main function of its paper, the *British League Review*, is anti-Jewish propaganda.

At a reunion of 18B detainees held at the Royal Hotel, London, Sir Oswald Mosley made it clear that he has not changed his views during his imprisonment. If we accept his word for this, as well we may, we are bound to remember that anti-Semitic agitation was one of the principal activities of his British Union of Fascists.

His "Modern Thought Book Club and Discussion Group," which operates from Chelsea Park Gardens, has been soft-pedalling on anti-Semitism so far as its bulletin, *Modern Thought*, is concerned; but announcing the formation of an Anglo-Arab Society, the bulletin added that "it is significant that no Anglo-Jewish societies have been formed."

Fighting the Poison

Anti-Semitic leaflets and literature are also being circulated by an organization calling itself the "Union for British Freedom," of Westbourne Grove, Bayswater. A leaflet issued by them which I have before me contains the charge that the Jews of Britain resort to the use of "stones, bottles and razors."

What can we do to stop anti-Semitic poison from spreading farther?

First of all, one should be on guard against the temptation to condemn a whole community for the misdeeds of a few. Remember that every year 100,000 non-Jews appear in British courts charged with indictable offences. How offended we should be if it were inferred from this that we are a nation of bigamists and crooks!

Do not accept anti-Jewish libels at face value, when a moment's reflection will prove them false. For instance, Jews are commonly accused of being an international capitalist conspiracy, and in the same breath are accused of financing Communism—which exists to destroy capitalism.

They are often said to control the Press, though of 116 daily newspapers and seventeen Sunday newspapers in this country not one is owned or controlled by a Jew.

As for their alleged "financial stranglehold," there is no Jewish director of the Bank of England, and of the sixty-three directors of the five national banks, only three are Jews. The great railway systems of Britain have seventy-six directors, of whom one is a Jew and another of Jewish extraction.

The suggestion that Jews possess influence disproportionate to their numbers does not bear inspection, and anyone who believes the canard that "there aren't any poor Jews" had better take a walk in some of the back streets of the East End. Further, the Jews of Britain are a minority—less than one for every hundred of our population.

It is commonly said that "Jews don't work with their hands," and it is true that they are largely engaged in trade in this country because only in the last century were they permitted to enter the professions. In Palestine, however, they have reclaimed vast areas by their own manual labour. In 1939 there were 240 agricultural settlements with a Jewish agricultural population of 110,000. Most of this land was swamp which they drained themselves.

We must remember that racial prejudice, once accepted, undermines our whole structure of human rights. In Germany, in Rumania, in Tsarist Russia, wherever it has flourished, it has proved a short cut to barbarism.

There is no question about this: the Government should consider the possibility of framing a law that would prevent the systematic agitation of hatred against particular communities. For anti-Semitism undermines, eventually, the authority and security of the State as a whole.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT Doctors

"THE YOUNGEST REGISTERED DOCTOR or surgeon has powers which our monarchs have not possessed since 1649. They may poison us or mutilate us professionally with virtually complete immunity and considerable pecuniary gain"—Bernard Shaw on Doctors, 1946.

★ ★ ★

In 1924 there were 48,140 doctors on the British Medical register; in 1943, 69,428. Of this last figure, about 9,000 practised in Ireland and 7,500 in foreign or Empire countries. In 1939 there were, in Great Britain and Northern Ireland alone, 43,560 doctors, of whom 5,184 were women.

★ ★ ★

The prewar figure shows one doctor to one thousand people, but since this includes public health staffs and specialists, the average general practitioner had probably about 1,250 possible patients. Under the National Health Insurance scheme a doctor was permitted to have up to 2,000 insured patients on his panel. By 1942 some 4,517 "G.P.s" had joined the Forces, and local doctors had often more than 3,000 patients apiece; in some areas, 4,500.

★ ★ ★

During the war, medical boards examined 7,100,409 persons, of whom 432,417 were women, spending on the average twenty-eight minutes on each one. Doctors served in the Home Guard, inspected hospitals, taught first-aid. Owing to the call-up of young doctors, more than half of those left were over fifty; in London, in 1943, nearly one in ten was over seventy.

★ ★ ★

No one knows exactly what doctors earn. When Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Health, wanted to find a fair salary basis for his new National Health Service, the British Medical Association took a random sample. The records showed that in 1939 one doctor in five earned less than £700 a year net, and fewer than one in ten earned more than £2,000.

★ ★ ★

In prewar days it cost at least £1,000 and usually six years' special study to obtain a London medical degree. Each year about 2,100 new doctors qualify; about one student in eight either fails to pass or gives up through lack of funds. The examinations are hard, but the doctor's life is harder. A doctor's chance of death before sixty is fifty per cent higher than that of a Civil Servant of comparable status.

★ ★ ★

The committee of inquiry on medical remuneration recommended that the average doctor between thirty-five and fifty should earn between £1,000 and £1,600 a year.

★ ★ ★

Doctors are disciplined by the General Medical Council. On an average twelve doctors are "struck off" every year—reasons: advertising, canvassing for patients, drunkenness, improper conduct with a female patient. This last offence offers considerable scope for spite or blackmail. A court recently awarded a doctor £2,000 damages aginst a woman patient on whose complaint he had been struck off by the G.M.C.

★ ★ ★

Along with the new Health Act, which will make doctors in general the servants of the State, a complete overhaul of medical education is planned, at a probable cost of £15,000,000 spread over ten years. The hardships of the poor student will be eased. (One Guy's man was recently working as night-watchman in a cinema.) There will also be better training laboratories and compulsory refresher courses.

★ ★ ★

War between doctors and "quacks" continues. In a recent case the quack, apparently in robust health, reminded the doctor giving evidence against him that they had met before. More than twenty years previously the doctor had turned him down for a life insurance policy.

BIRTH OF A HOUSE

by HUGH MARTIN

Building a house today takes more than bricks and mortar. It requires push, patience and priorities. Does the private builder get enough encouragement?

This is the house that Mr. Sutton built

ONE EVENING SOON AFTER THE WAR ended, Fred Sutton, who runs a small butcher's shop and village grocery store—plus a small builder's business—in Berwick, Sussex, looked up at his wife and said: *"I'm going to build a new home for us."*

Sutton knew it wouldn't be all smooth and easy. Before the war he built more than twenty houses in the neighbourhood. Those old halcyon days, when courteous travellers would call in their time and at their expense in a frenzy of anxiety to unload unlimited quantities of materials and equipment on their customer, had gone. He, the customer, would have to do his own running about. Pretty often he would have to go cap in hand.

And there would be the great battle of paper, the struggle with local authorities, ministries and officials to get the necessary permits and priorities.

Let us see how Fred Sutton managed to get his home built.

Near the station, just off the main road, he had seen half an acre of land, a likely site, he thought, for two or three houses. It possessed two of the three prerequisites for a housing site—accessible water and electricity. That is to say, these two services were near enough for connections to be made if necessary.

As to drainage, the third "must," he was not so sure. The main drains were near by, but what of surface water, the moisture that drops from heaven or wells up from the earth?

He *had* noticed that water from a nearby spring was coming on to the site, but reckoned to put that right by speaking to the owner of the land from which the water came. And for extra security he would build the house on a concrete raft.

He visited the local surveyor's office to study the survey maps. This is always necessary before buying a piece of ground. You must be sure of the soil composition, the gradient, and you need to know about any nearby streams.

He Buys His Ground

The survey maps told Sutton that the site was good. He discussed terms with the owner and agreed upon a price. When they had both signed copies of the contract, these were sent to Somerset House in London for Government stamping, which made them legal.

He paid his money, and the ground was his.

Now if you have a home, you need to get into it. Since Sutton intended to set the house back from the road, he would need a gate—the technical description of this elementary process is "making an access." So the two authorities concerned, the Hailsham Rural District Council and Lewes County Council, had to receive, well in advance, copies of the ground site plans.

In due course both Councils sent an official to inspect the site. They came separately, and they gave permission separately. And the authority to build a gate was given after Sutton had signed a document promising that in the event of the road being widened, he would raise no objection to having a slice of the garden cut off.

For several weeks our builder worked out plans for the house he would like. He would have three bedrooms, a bathroom, landing, staircase and hall, large reception room and a kitchen. But before he could apply for permission to build, he would need to submit detailed constructional plans in duplicate to both local authorities.

These plans had to be considered first by a technical committee and then by the Housing Committee; one meets weeks after the other, but eventually Fred Sutton found that in accordance with the Control of Civil Building Defence (Gen) Regulations, 1939, Regulation 56A, he was entitled, by virtue of his licence number 59/NWDH/46/104, to build his house.

While waiting for this licence he had been considering what materials and equipment he would need.

He Lists His Materials

It looks a lot when you reckon it up—18,000 bricks, thirty yards of beech timber, forty cubic yards of sand, four tons of cement, two tons of lime, one hundred pieces of salt glazed pipe and fittings, nearly two standards of softwood timber, ten cubic feet of hardwoods, a bath, one hundredweight of lead, a hundredweight of lead piping, a quantity of galvanized pipe and fittings, window frames, door frames, together with a staircase ordered from the joiners, plaster board and plaster for ceilings, hollow blocks for partitions, air bricks and air vents, gutters, brickets and "down pipes" (I forgot to ask Mr. Sutton how to distinguish a pipe which is going up from one which is going down), hot and cold tanks, piping, lavatory pan, wash basin, slates and "damp coursing" which keeps moisture out of the house.

I'm sorry, but there were a few items besides. He needed 8,000 tiles, galvanized nails for tiling, assorted nails, locks and hinges, electric wiring and fittings, a kitchen sink and trap, a coke-burning cooking stove and hot water system, and paint, distemper, varnish, oil and turps.

Sutton noted carefully all the raw materials on form WBA, which he sent to the surveyor of Hailsham R.D.C. This form, once stamped and signed, gave him permission to purchase what he needed.

But before starting on a search for the materials, there were various Acts to be complied with. Sutton had received a form authorizing him to build under Section 64 of the Public Health Act. He had filled in similar forms to satisfy the requirements of the Town and Country Planning Act, 1936.

To fit in with the requirements of the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act, 1935, he had obtained permission to build from East Sussex County Council.

Now the search began. In the old days, Sutton would have made a neat inventory of his requirements, marked against the items the retailer or wholesaler from whom each should be obtained, and then contacted them all by letter or telephone.

But six years of war had made a difference. He contacted no less than forty firms and dealers over a period of three months, eventually collecting

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An old barn beam provided the mantelpiece

Front door, made of a home-sawn old log

The old question of "equal pay for women" has come to the fore again. Why should a woman get less than a man for doing the same job of work?

WOMAN'S CLAIM TO A MAN'S WAGE

by HILDE MARCHANT

EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK is a hypnotic phrase. It has all the ring of simple justice, it has the moral tone of reform, it echoes the dignity of labour. It sounds unanswerable.

As long ago as 1887 the T.U.C. passed a resolution stating that " in all trades, where women do the same work as men, they shall receive the same payment." Since then similar resolutions have been passed with almost monotonous regularity.

The overwhelming endorsement of the principle came in 1944 when, against the advice of the Coalition Government, the House of Commons voted in favour of equal pay for teachers. It was the third time in ten years that the House had carried a vote against the Government on this issue.

Then why the hesitation to make it law?

The most reasonable argument is that a working man has a wife and family dependent on him and a working woman has not.

This was one of the strongest arguments put forward by the British Employers' Confederation, who firmly opposed equal pay when they gave their evidence before the Royal Commission which reported on the issue last year.

The only statistics on how many working men and women are married are those taken in a census of 1931. The situation has obviously changed since then, but this out-of-date census was used in the Royal Commission's report.

It showed that about seventy-three per cent of the employed women over eighteen years of age were spinsters; seventy per cent of the working men over twenty-one years of age were married.

The implication is that women go into industry either for pin money or as a means of support before marriage, but men work to maintain the family life of the country.

Whatever truth this may have had sixteen years ago, it is certainly not true today. Few of the millions of women who have remained in industry since the war ceased have done so for the fun of the thing. They remained in industry because their pay packet was essential to the family income.

In any case, a census based on the simple division of unmarried and married women is an inaccurate one if it is used to prove economic liability.

A more recent survey was made by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and they found that thirty-six per cent of their members had some considerable liability for a relative. I believe that if this question were asked of women in industry today the figure would be even higher, for while the professions may appeal to a woman as a calling, industry's appeal to women is usually one of necessity.

And, of course, this argument is no longer as strong as it was, for family allowances have eased the budget of the working man.

But since when do employers assess wages according to family commitments? A man with nine children has never received, for that reason, a

ory girls clocking in. "The rate for ob" is the cry among women workers

£2,500 a year woman: Miss E. A. Sharp, of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning

Industrial Organizer: Dame Anne Loughlin (standing) gave her views on equal pay

gher wage than a man with none at all. His wage assessed according to the job he does, not cording to whether he has a large family to keep. Women in industry are asking for just that.

There are still employers who believe it to be good thing that single women are paid less than gle men, on the curious grounds that this will ive them into matrimony.

When Mr. R. F. Harrod was called as an in- vidual employer to give evidence before the Royal mmission, he said the social results of unequal y are good, ensuring that motherhood as a voca- on is not too unattractive financially compared th work. In other words, he argued that poor pay uld drive young girls into matrimony and so lp the birthrate.

The figures prove the very opposite.

Before the war the declining birthrate was a sub- ct for considerable anxiety. During the war and nce, the increase in the birthrate has been so great at the social services can scarcely keep pace with

Double Pay Packet Gives Security

It is the added security of a double pay packet at has largely accounted for this increase. A oint that is sometimes overlooked is this: the oung bride nowadays earns her own dowry and ay have to work for two or three years after arriage in order to start a family with any finan- al confidence.

On the whole, I do not think the birthrate can e dragged in as a valid reason for paying women ss than men. A stronger case is this. In a number ways the law operates in favour of women. If a an leaves his wife and children then he must still aintain them. If a wife leaves her husband, then e must still provide for his children.

If the argument for equal pay is a just one, then ie argument for equal responsibilities is also just. re women in industry prepared to sacrifice these gal and financial advantages for equal pay? It ould be hypocritical to deny that many are not.

Another argument against equal pay is produc- on. For years the Employers' Confederation has aintained that women do not produce as much s men in a working day. About ten years ago ey rated a woman's production at less than two- irds of a man's. They emphasized this point gain only a few months ago in a final report on qual pay when they admitted that in certain jobs might be eighty per cent.

It is a surprise that they stick so rigidly to this ne of argument. On November 20, 1944, Mr. rnest Bevin said:

"After a careful examination of what the output ould be when women came into war production, estimated that it would take three women to pro- uce the results achieved by two men. But with he help of the production engineer and the remark- ble response of men to the training of dilutees, omen have been equal to one per one."

Nor is the employers' figure of eighty per cent roportionate to the wages paid. It has been pointed out by Margaret Cole in a recent Fabian Research survey, that during the war women's wages rose to about sixty per cent of men's in the principle industries. In July, 1945, they had dropped to fifty-two per cent.

Opponents of equal pay say that there are several jobs in heavy industry which require a physical strength beyond women. This is obviously true. Dame Anne Loughlin, chairman of the T.U.C. Women's Advisory Committee, took this point up when, with two other women on the Royal Commission, she added a memorandum of dissent:

"We believe that, with a small expense of capital and ingenuity, the amount of muscular effort required would be reduced in a large range of jobs, to the advantage of male workers as well as women."

She also pointed out that the number of jobs which require great physical strength is rapidly diminishing and the whole trend of modern production methods is to replace muscular energy with mechanical power.

A further objection to equal pay is the fact that women tend to be poorer timekeepers and to be more frequently absent from work than men. But surely it is unfair to penalize women whose attendance may be good, just because the general record among women is poor. Penalties should be on the individual, irrespective of sex.

The final point, so far as industry is concerned, is the claim that women could not stand the strain of open competition with men and that the employers would select men for the jobs and so create unemployment among women.

On the medical side there is considerable disagreement. Certain important medical authorities, such as Professor Ronald Lane, told the Commission that they were convinced that women would feel the strain of competing on equal terms with men. Others said there was no evidence that such competition would have ill effects on a woman's health.

As for unemployment in an open labour market at equal rates, that is a risk women would have to take.

Same Exam, Lower Reward

Those are the arguments for and against, in the case of industry. But it is in the professions and the Civil Service that the main pressure from the women's organizations is being directed. And it is here that their argument is strongest.

The Civil Service Clerical Association is negotiating with the Treasury for equal pay. Their case, briefly, is this:

Entry to the Civil Service is by open examination. There is no sex differentiation in the questions asked in the examinations. But the first week's pay packet shows that women are rated at a salary of eighty per cent of the men's rates.

Annually a progress report is made of the work of individuals and once again there is not usually any differentiation in selecting the best worker for promotion. That is, until the initials on the report are translated into Miss or Mr.—then the salaries of the women are graded twenty per cent lower than the men's.

This goes on to the higher grades of permanent secretaries of the service. Many of these jobs are now held by women. Their wages are assessed at £175 a year lower than those of a man who might have qualified for the job.

An outstanding case is Miss Evelyn Sharp, now deputy secretary to Mr. Silkin, Minister of Town and Country Planning. She has held several responsible jobs in the Civil Service, including that of principal in the Ministry of Health. Her promotion has been in open competition with men and she is regarded as outstanding in her job, yet at no time could she earn the same rate as a man—it had always to be £175 a year less.

Cost Worries the Treasury

The Treasury points out that it would cost thirteen million pounds to accept the principle of equal pay in the Civil Service; but the Treasury is not even consistent in its attitude. There is no differentiation of pay between men and women M.P.s, nor any differentiation in B.B.C. salaries. In state medical services a woman doctor is appointed at the same rate as a man; indeed, the B.M.A. would resent a woman doctor taking an appointment at a smaller salary than a man.

But, of course, it *is* the financial cost that worries the Treasury. In the teaching profession this would work out at fourteen and a half million pounds. The Treasury says that the financial position of the country is not good enough to bear these extra costs and it is not prepared to start the experiment of equal pay until outside industry has become convinced of the need.

And that, judging by the evidence before the Royal Commission, is not a likely prospect.

But in fact there is no logical answer to the simple question put forward by women trades unionists: "Why should a woman doing exactly the same job be paid a third less?"

While the Treasury admits the principle of equal pay in certain departments for which it is responsible, the same right cannot logically be withheld from the teaching or clerical grades of the Civil Service.

Arguments as to the responsibilities of the man to his dependants may sound convincing, but family allowances, state social services and income tax reliefs are wearing even these arguments down.

Equal pay is a principle which is now as much the concern of male workers as of their underpaid women colleagues, for they realize the great danger in a peacetime labour market of women being used to undercut their higher rates.

For, finally, this is no longer a feminist argument. A group of workpeople are simply asking to be paid entirely on the value of their work. They are prepared to take the risk of unemployment and prejudice, and the responsibilities this brings. And on this basis, men and women workers should now insist on the full implementation of one of the labour movement's most long-standing principles.

Continued from page 11

the materials and equipment he needed from twenty of them.

This cost a good deal in shoe leather, fares, hotel bills and entertaining likely contacts. He went to London for a suitable heater. Then to Eastbourne on a hunt for drains and fittings. Another day took him to Horam, Sussex, to obtain the roof tiles; he had already been to Stoke for these but could not obtain what he wanted. He went to West Drayton to buy the doors and to Seaford for his beech, sand and cement.

He didn't begrudge all this effort.

"The difference between the small man and a local authority," he told me, "is that the small man doesn't mind going to all this *personal* trouble. He's not worried about what is or is not in keeping with his personal dignity—he goes out to hunt for what he wants."

I think Fred Sutton has got something there.

He Goes Priority-Hunting

Apart from this laborious search, applying for priorities was hard work. Forms BM5, BM6, BM7 and BM8 (each an application for priority in some class of material) had all to be filled in and sent in triplicate.

And timber? That's rigidly controlled, too. He had to obtain form TC3/8/CPL; this, after more homework, he dispatched to Hailsham Rural District Council and the Timber Control at Tunbridge Wells.

Remembering his wife's injunction to build enough cupboards, he reckoned that he'd need a little more than the licence would allow. He could make a mantelpiece for the living-room from an old barn beam which he had been able to buy. A brick fireplace would be nice. At a sale he bought some bricks which had paved a cow stall on an old Sussex farm for over one hundred years.

He wrote to the Regional Petroleum Officer, sending form SL40, an application for petrol for the concrete mixer.

He completed form WBA/H, an application to the Ministry of Labour for the services of one bricklayer, a foreman, a carpenter, one plumber and two ordinary labourers.

The orgy of form-filling abated, and on the long grass appeared hopeful signs of activity; ladders, sand, buckets, bricks.

The excavations were made, and the site levelled. A notification to this effect was sent to the local authority, who checked up on it. The foundation was laid, and a notification of that sent to the local authority.

The bricklayers got busy, and when they had built to damp-coursing height another postcard was sent to Hailsham R.D.C., who had to inspect it before work could proceed further.

"I feel an absolute rotter about this, but I'm afraid we're full right up"

Six weeks passed before the building reached its first floor. Mrs. Sutton, hovering sceptically around, reminded her husband that *this time* would he please remember that a housewife likes somewhere to put her brooms; where was that special broom cupboard he had promised?

He told her he had remembered this, and added that he had thought of a good many other improvements, too. Barbara, Enid, and his two boys, Jeffrey and Michael, would have no excuse for leaving their clothes all over the place in their rooms. There would be built-in wardrobes. And if a gale blew up, as it did once, the windows wouldn't smash so easily, because he was having leaded panes.

The secondhand bricks for the fireplace were a success, looking slightly worn, and being a brighter colour than modern bricks.

He tried out an invention of his own for preventing burst pipes. When he attended the Women's Institute Conference at Tunbridge Wells in 1939, he heard women complain that builders always put pipes in the wrong place, where they burst in bad weather.

So, using the old bricks, he built a central duct, through which warm air circulated via the fireplace. This air not only warms the bedrooms, but all the water pipes, which go straight through this vertical duct and do not touch the outside of the building. And to prevent the cold tank freezing, he had it placed above the hot tank.

Operations continued. The first floor joists were fixed, the staircase trimmed, the bedroom windows went into place, the roof frame was cut and fixed, and the chimney was completed.

It was a matter of team work, carpenters and plumbers and electricians doing their jobs in accordance with the general plan.

All in all, it took six months to build the house. It now looks thoroughly lived in and homely. In normal circumstances it could, says Sutton, have been built in half the time. And it could have been built for considerably less, both in materials and wages, than is possible today.

His bricklayers, for instance, cost him 2s. 5d. an hour instead of 1s. 8d. Facing bricks which cost 75s. per 1,000 in 1939, cost him £10 per 1,000. Most of his timber cost twice as much—so did the cement—while sand and beech timber were two-thirds more than the prewar price.

Before the war he could have sold such a house for profit at £900. Now he could not afford to sell it for less than £1,800.

Once the house was built and the paint dried, the electricity and water had to be laid on, the curtains and lino fixed. Then, with a huge sigh of relief, Mr. Sutton posted to Hailsham R.D.C. a form notifying them of the *completion of the house*. They came along to check up on this and presented him with a magic document, a Certificate of Habitation, which says that he can live in the house he has built with his own money, materials and labour.

Mr. Sutton Sums Up

How, in retrospect, does he feel about the struggle to build his home?

"I think," he says, "that authority might try to be more helpful to the private builder. It wouldn't even hurt to give him some encouragement. They ought not to dole out permits and priorities as though they were some special sort of dispensation, some undeserved favour for which the builder should be respectfully grateful.

"A man tends to lose heart over all the time spent in negotiating, with county councils, rural councils and so many different departments. If one makes even a minor mistake in one of these forms, back it comes, perhaps after waiting in somebody's basket for weeks for attention, though a telephone call could have cleared up the point."

What does it all boil down to? The list of permits with which Sutton had to cope appears formidable enough. But neither he nor most other small men are under any illusion as to the necessary role that these restrictions play in a world of postwar shortage. What they do want is a clearer recognition of the fact that they are doing their job in the community.

Small businessmen form an essential stratum of British social life. Not enough consideration is given to the strain which form-filling imposes on them. Just as Sutton tended to lose heart over the time spent negotiating with so many widely-flung departments, so the small man in almost every industry feels out in the cold.

It is not right that he should be, nor is it any part of official policy. The man who can do a job well, and charges a reasonable profit for doing it, is a social asset. By his existence, he offsets the modern tendency for commercial activity to be "cornered" by big combines.

Still . . . Mrs. Sutton has the final word. Moving into the new house, she put the kettle on, adjusted the curtains here and there, lit the fire, switched on the wireless and said: "It *was* a lot of fuss—but it was worth it."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Give Your Mind a Holiday

SUMMER is almost here, and many of us have already made plans for our holidays.

We have been pondering how and where we can get fit again, get nicely sunburned, and make our bodies healthier than they have been.

All splendid: but if, every now and again, we would only give as much thought to the health of our minds as we do to the health of our bodies, the world would become a better place.

If everybody in the world had a perfectly healthy mental outlook, food, for instance, would never be short.

Think that one out! It will do you good as a mental exercise.

★ ★ ★

Holidays for the mind, which is what I really began to talk about, are a purely personal matter. No one can help us. We must look after our minds ourselves.

We need holidays for them just as much as we need holidays for our bodies. We need a change of mental outlook from time to time if we are to keep mentally fit.

Take worries, for instance. Nobody is without them—but problems are never solved by dwelling on them, worries ever eliminated by worrying. Only a refreshed mind can deal with difficult situations.

★ ★ ★

Now the beauty of a mental holiday is that you don't need even to leave your own home to have it. You can give your mind a holiday whenever you like by thinking only pleasant thoughts, by reading a good book, by looking at beautiful pictures, by listening to some good music.

Choose your own method. No tastes are exactly alike.

But, for heaven's sake, do take a mental holiday. Be fair to yourself.

I WAS AN EMIGRANT (3)

DON'T FORGET THE MISFITS

by ROLAND WILD

This advice on the postwar emigrant comes from a Briton now in Canada. He found one legacy had to be lived down—the stigma left behind by the old-time remittance man

LITTLE ISAAC TAYLOR emigrated from Thirsk, Yorkshire, in 1890. He is now a brisk and brittle eighty-two and looks sixty.

He picked Australia, and there were no blandishments then being offered, no "assisted passages," no guarantees of work and no Government loans.

Isaac went in a sailing ship. He took his own food and bedding. There were 900 other emigrants on a ship of 2,000 tons. There were no cooks, and the passengers were required to prepare their own food on the open deck.

The little Yorkshireman left England for his health, but his wanderings seem to have coincided with the discovery of gold, for he was in time for the Coolgardie Gold Rush.

He went to Canada, again for his health—and was in time for the Klondike Rush of '98.

Today Isaac Taylor, still with a faint Yorkshire accent, is a model for all emigrants. He runs a chain of department stores in the Yukon in partnership with a Lincoln man, William Drury. The name Taylor & Drury means British prestige and Canadian enterprise.

This winter, Alan Huntley emigrated from Kent. He chose Canada for his family of four, Mrs. Huntley and two daughters aged sixteen and thirteen.

The journey from London to British Columbia, where they decided to settle on a farm, took three days. The big transatlantic plane dropped them in Montreal twenty hours after leaving England. They then flew to Vancouver. They were the first flying emigrants.

But their journey was really longer than in the sailing days; for they had waited fourteen months for a passage to the New World.

It was only by Act of Parliament that emigrants were assured even reasonable safety in the steerage of the old vessels of hope and despair. It caused a sensation when one shipping company announced that not only would food be served, but the passage money would entitle the emigrant to free bed and bedding.

The New Era Began

At once, other steamship lines followed suit, and a new era had begun. It was the beginning of luxury travel at cheap rates, and the beginning, too, of a less insulting interpretation of the word "emigrant."

To Australians, the word often meant jail-birds and bad hats. And to Canadians there was often the memory of the "remittance men."

If a survey could be made, it would be found that the greatest harm done to the Briton in the Dominions was done by the remittance man.

Some of that stigma still remains in Canada.

In the memory of many Canadians there is a survival of a prejudice against men who treated the "colony" as beneath their contempt, who were misfits unwillingly deported, and who lost few opportunities of informing the "natives" of their distaste.

The remittance man was often a colourful character. His fault was not that he was unpopular in Britain, but that Britain was too small to contain him.

When despairing parents paid the bills for riotous living in London, and bailed out the younger son from debt and the clutches of the Law, they often looked longingly at Canada, far away and apparently boundless, as the perfect home for their headstrong offspring. He was shipped west, with some tears but a great sense of relief, and a promise that a considerable sum of money would be sent monthly, and gratefully, so long as he stayed not less than 4,000 miles away from the temptations of London society.

Very often some wise, tough, and accomplished Canadian would be asked to keep a paternal eye on the character, and often enough it was my friend Jim Brewster, hunter and railroad man and now an hotel man, who was pressed into service because of his peculiar qualities.

For Jim could lead them into the Rockies, let them take it out of the bear and the mountain goat, and if necessary drink them under the nearest glacier.

More than once Jim sent back reformed characters to Britain. On one occasion he was the honoured guest, at a castle in England, of a former wild young peer who had been under his wing in western Canada.

The old hunter regarded gravely the trappings of aristocracy at an English hunting party; he even went hunting, somewhat scornful of the pink coats and toppers, but admiring of the horseflesh; other guests wondered at the presence of a tough Westerner, but Jim Brewster never let them know where he had first met His Lordship.

Today's emigrant sometimes runs across a Canadian who honestly believes that an Englishman habitually wears a monocle, talks in an affected voice, and invariably changes for dinner at night.

This is the legacy of the remittance man. They will tell you in these parts that forty years ago there were rich and idle Englishmen who brought their Piccadilly manners with them, wore their Bond Street clothes, and insisted that anywhere they went the London manner must go, too.

A man with a vivid memory of the patronizing outlook said: "Why is it when an Englishman came to farm he had to be a 'gentleman-farmer'? Why is it he always had to have a ranch and never a farm? Why is it that today, Englishmen who have had the best from Canada for years still retain their British passports and their British accents, and will not consider themselves to be Canadians?"

"Now—Who Plays Polo?"

Great disservice to England was done by the English who banded together in clubs, kept alive the tradition of the old school tie, and reminded all Canada that they were from the "Old Country."

"When four Poles get together they start a newspaper," said a Canadian to me. "When four Englishmen get together they start a polo team. Who in hell wants to play polo?"

Much capital has been made in the Empire of isolated instances of ignorance on the part of Englishmen.

After the last war, officers were encouraged to spend their gratuities on farms in East Africa. Experts were appointed to advise them on the problems that would face them.

One of these officials told me: "It seemed that many of them thought that any kind of experience would do so long as you were English and an ex-officer. Unfortunately, many of them lost all

Model emigrants. . . . Partnership of Isaac Taylor (left) and William Drury has brought prestige to British in Canada

Canadian Jim Brewster kept a paternal eye on the other type—young ne'er-do-wells shipped out from home to reform

Woman emigrant who made good: Minnie Hackett. Her kind have offset the harm the foolish have done in Canada

as I was saying...

MONEY ISN'T THE OBJECT

by Herbert Hodge

READERS ARE CONSTANTLY asking me for advice about writing. Some say they'd like to "take up" writing, and become professional writers; others that they'd like to take it up as a hobby. Nearly all ask for advice on how to earn money by writing.

I can't give anyone advice about writing for money—except to say that writing is the hardest way of earning money that I know of. Considering the many thousands who try, and the few who succeed, I imagine the average person's chances of making a regular income out of writing are about equal to the chances of winning a similar income from a football pool.

Wise guys are fond of quoting Dr. Johnson. "No one but a fool ever wrote except for money." But, in my opinion, no one but a fool ever thought of money while writing.

Most writers like money, of course. But money's got nothing to do with their writing. When a man's trying to put his ideas and emotions on to paper, there's no room in his head for anything else.

It's his wife who has to think about the money—to see that his dinner's on the table when he wants it, and to keep the rent collector and the other wolves away. *He* mustn't be disturbed.

At least, that's how it's always been with me. Perhaps no woman should marry a writer. But if she does, that's the sort of thing she must expect.

When I've finished a piece of writing, I hope to get the highest possible price for it—just as I would if I were selling a cabbage or a motor car. That's business. But I'm not really interested in business. So, nowadays, I usually pass on my stuff to an agent.

In the old days, when I handled it myself, I seldom bothered to send it out more than once. If the first editor or publisher wasn't interested, then neither was I. I was much too busy with the next bit of writing. If I was hungry, I found it easier to earn a crust with the cab (or for my wife to go out to work) than to try to sell an old manuscript. Besides, I was ashamed of it. I hated the sight of it. It was such a poor, pitiful travesty of what I had hoped to write.

I mention this simply to show why I think the man who writes for money is a fool. It isn't worth the trouble. There are so many easier ways of making money. As for "taking up" writing—one might as well talk of taking up a tiger. Either writing takes *you* up, or it doesn't. If it doesn't, you had better leave it alone—apart, of course, from studying the art in an amateur way, for the sheer pleasure of tasting our lovely language, and of being able to appreciate good writing when you see it.

As in all the arts and crafts, it's the amateur who gets most of the fun. The professional seeks fulfilment—which is rather like having a baby. There *is* pleasure in it, of course; but there's also pain.

Hazlitt, describing the writer in the act of composition, says: "He lies stretched upon the rack of restless ecstasy." I'm no Hazlitt, but you don't have to be a Hazlitt to feel the pangs.

I suppose a lot depends upon how easily you write. Some people, I believe, write by inspiration. They never have to change a word or remove a comma. I've never had that luck. All my life, I've hoped and prayed for inspiration, but it hasn't yet heard me. Like Artemus Ward, I "can call the spirits from the vasty deep—but, damn 'em, they won't come."

So I've had to rely mainly on my own willpower—or what a candid woman friend of mine once called my pigheadedness. Writing, for me, is more of a battle than an art.

When I sat down to write this bit of advice, for instance, ideas came rushing into my head like a herd of stampeding cattle, or a crowd smashing through the gates at a football match—all yelling and scrapping. Before I could do anything with them, I had to fight them, one by one, until I'd killed off most of the weaklings and clouted the few tough survivors into some sort of obedience—so that I could finally march them on to this page in proper order. Sometimes, the battle goes on for days. This present battle has been a particularly tough one.

The fact is, I've got no gift for writing. But there's nothing I can do about it. In my youth, I heedlessly "took up" the tiger, and now that tiger's taken up me. There's no escape. I shouldn't know what to do with myself, now, if I did escape. Besides, I love my tiger. I wouldn't swop him for the most beautiful woman in the world.

The only advice I can offer the would-be writer, then, is to keep on writing—if he must write—until what he wants to say comes out clearly on paper. There's no short cut to good writing that I know of—except, perhaps, for people with a natural gift. But they need no help from me.

—And a Large W.P.B.

As for books on the subject—the one I put my faith in is Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. I had the good sense to grab it off a bookstall at sight, when it was first published, twenty years ago. I'm inclined to think that was the one inspired moment of my life.

You also need a large wastepaper basket. My own is far too small. I'm always meaning to get another. Now that I've nearly finished this article, there's paper all over the floor.

If you are one of those unfortunates who have to follow my fighting methods, I don't suppose you'll ever produce a work of genius. You may, however, succeed in producing a competent bit of writing—what Nat Gubbins has defined as "the laborious composition which reads so easily that the reader wonders why he didn't write it himself." Editors sometimes buy that sort of thing, when they can get it.

But when you've written it, please, *please*, don't send it to me. I've got more than I can do to cope with my own stuff. Any literary agent who is any good will handle your stuff on commission. If he won't, either he's no good or your stuff's—well, too good, perhaps, for commercial publication.

★ ★ ★ **Herbert Hodge, the philosopher with a human touch, gets a fresh slant on life and work in his weekly commentary**

Continued from previous page

their money in a year or two. They blamed the country. They should have blamed themselves."

But for one misfit there were nine good Britons. There came to the new lands some of the best stock in Britain, men and women who were anxious to learn.

Such a one was Minnie Hackett, born in the improbable pioneering nursery of North Finchley, London, and destined to be one of the most remarkable women of the great North-West of Canada.

Minnie Hackett read about Canada when she was a child. There was nothing in her background to suggest that she would go there. But she knew, inside her, that she would go.

The chance came in 1926, when she was approaching twenty-five. She went to stay with an aunt in Winnipeg.

The big city of the prairies was not what she wanted. Soon she started training as a nurse. When there came a call for a volunteer for a new hospital in Aklavik, in the Arctic Circle, she was the first to put down her name.

She was greeted in the far northern port by Eskimos, waited six months for rough equipment for her hospital and her home, and ate her meals and operated on the same table. Then she moved to the Yukon, to become the only nurse ministering to the Indians in perhaps the world's most primitive country.

I met Minnie Hackett in a Canadian Air Force plane high above the uncharted rivers and lonely forests of the frozen Yukon. She still has her English accent, her governess-like insistence on cleanliness next to Godliness.

Lady in Canoe

She has as her impossible ambition the ideal of every Indian child being bathed nightly and put to bed before 7 p.m. She inoculates them, tends their sores, lives in their sordid clearings.

She travels by canoe and jeep and plane, sometimes with a Mountie as her companion, for months on end; and maintains in Whitehorse, big city of the Yukon, a neat and precise home that is as English as a sparrow.

But she didn't like it when I suggested she was still an Englishwoman. "I'm a Canadian," she said. "I live here and I don't want to go back to England. This is where I wanted to be, and this is what I wanted to do."

Minnie Hackett is the antidote to all the harm some foolish British have done in Canada.

When I saw off from Southampton the first shipload of G.I. brides for the United States, there were many like Minnie Hackett—girls determined to be good Americans and therefore good immigrants.

The overall conclusion on emigration is that we, as Englishmen, have little cause to consider ourselves as the perfect emigrants. The Dutch claimed that title for themselves a century ago when they followed a policy of merging themselves into the country of their adoption.

The South Africans don't want people to tell them how wrongly they live; they want people with a realization of their own problems.

And the Australians want families who will help them in return for the blessings of their country.

And the Canadians don't want their country to be regarded as a dumping ground. They don't want any more misfits, remittance men, disgraced younger sons, dead-beats and failures.

They want more Isaac Taylors, Minnie Hacketts, and men and women who pack their bags as emigrants and leave behind the old school tie and the Old Country patronage.

They don't want Englishmen; they want good Canadians.

Then there's a welcome, from Newfoundland to the Pacific.

NEXT WEEK: *Roland Wild discusses whether U.N.O. should run Emigration.*

FLYING PENGUIN

by FRANK WATTS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

Randal was a "difficult" young man. There was little one could do with him. But when his obstinacy caused a vast crowd to gather in the town square it was his mother who discovered the soft chink in his armour

"He was twenty-three last birthday, has a good head and a perfect sense of balance. His mother and I would have liked him to work in my line—slack wire and trapeze—but he doesn't take to it. He is more interested in music and animal training, which is perhaps as well; he is the wrong shape to wear tights. I can send him round; if he takes to the work he will do as much in a day as most men get through in two. If he is not interested he will chuck it in ten minutes."

That is what his old man told me.

I was foreman on a job of repairing an ornamental clock tower in the centre of a town in the Midlands. The office was driving me crackers to get the work finished on time, and I was starved for staff. I was willing to give a job to anyone who could carry a hod and climb a ladder, and after a final pint to conclude the matter I agreed to see the boy in the morning.

When he came along I thought my hospitality had been wasted and his father was pulling my leg. The lad had a long, needle nose, a sleek, fat neck and feet like a couple of open fans. As for his torso . . . put him among a crowd of penguins at a zoo and he would pass for an elder brother. I have seen more expression on the things displayed on the slabs in fishmongers' windows than I found on his face. He told me his first name was Randal. Would you believe it! As if Nature hadn't played the fool enough with him, his parents must go and tack a name like that on the poor chap.

I dumped a bit of mortar in a hod and told him to carry it up to the chaps working near the clock face. I didn't expect much, but I was never more surprised in my life. He balanced the hod perfectly, and, as true as I hold this empty glass in my hand, he greased up the ladder, emptied the hod and nipped down for another load before I had time to fill my pipe. He was tireless and wanted to work through his dinner hour.

I watched him knocking back his food as hard as he could knock and then saw him draw the back of his hand across his mouth and fish a mouth organ from his pocket. He wasn't a bad performer, within

"You bad boy, Randal, come down at once," screeched his mother. "Don't want to come down," he said simply—and resumed his music

his limits. His skill was confined to one tune—a kid's thing called "Goosey Gander" and he let us have it until I whistled them all back on the job. I suppose it was pride on his father's part when he told me the boy was interested in music.

I was beginning to shake hands with myself at the prospect of finishing the work according to the time scheduled, when one of the chaps working aloft called me aside to say, thanks to Randal, they had more material up there than they wanted. "Give him a job below, guv," he said. "With all that stuff he has brought up, the scaffolding ain't safe."

That was easier said than done; the lad liked carrying a hod up and down the ladder and when I found him a job on the ground he sat down and played his mouth organ. He had worked hard and I didn't forget it. I did not want to lose his help but I was doubtful how he would take it when I told him to fetch some of the material down again. Most blokes would have asked for their cards. Not Randal!

His face lit up with happiness and he swarmed up the ladder before I finished speaking. The trouble was to get him to stop and leave enough stuff aloft for the work to be completed. I have been a foreman for a good many years and I have never had to deal with a man suffering from over-zeal—but you couldn't blueprint Randal.

We finished, had the work inspected and passed on the Friday afternoon and the next morning I put all hands dismantling the scaffolding and packing it for transport to the next job on Monday morning. It was a half day and most of the chaps were off to a league football match. They worked at top speed and by noon everything was down and dispatched.

We were clearing off when someone asked if I had seen Randal. In the hurry I had clean forgotten him. I had a scout round but he was nowhere on hand and I supposed he had decided there were no more ladders to climb and gone off home.

Then I heard some music in the distance. It was Randal playing his "Goosey Gander" on the mouth organ. One of the chaps said: "Str-uth!" and stood with his mouth open, pointing at the top of the tower. He had found Randal.

The fool was sitting on the arms of the weather vane merrily playing his silly tune on his mouth organ—*and we had taken down the scaffolding!*

To keep his job a foreman has to be able to think fast. As I watched Randal perched a hundred and twenty feet above, I was thinking fast enough for a dozen bosses, but each thought left me with a question to answer. How did the chaps miss him? Why hadn't we seen him before the scaffolding was taken down? Would he lose his nerve? How was I to get him down?

I concentrated on finding the answer to the last question. I thought of getting hold of a steeplejack. No good; Randal was too heavy to make an emergency descent on a man's back.

By this time the square was crowded with sightseers and the police were trying to move them. A sergeant came up and asked me what I was doing about it and observed if I didn't do something soon he might have to charge me with obstruction.

I sent out a call for the fire brigade and hurried a chap off to fetch Randal's father. The brigade came first and ran out a ladder which touched the spire a few feet below the weather vane.

All this time Randal had been playing, delighted at the interest he was causing. A fireman ran up the ladder and spoke to him. Randal aimed a kick at his head. The chap came down to report. He said he was willing to take a reasonable risk but he refused to face the certainty of being knocked off the ladder by a kick in the face from Randal's punishing boots, and there was not sufficient room up there for roughhouse tactics.

He was still protesting when the boy's father came to have a try. He was on the top of the ladder for about half an hour without making any progress. He came down. "There is only one person able to manage him when he is in one of his obstinate moods—his mother," he said to me.

"What are you waiting for? Fetch her," I snapped.

He hesitated. "She can't stand heights. Gets dizzy as soon as she is off the ground. Anyhow, I can try."

He brought his missus along and took a back seat while she went into action. "Randal!" she screamed. "Come down this minute."

Her voice set my teeth on edge, but to the boy still playing it might have been the wind.

She tried several times—so did most of the crowd. It made no difference. By this time I was desperate. "How about going up the ladder and having a word with him, missus?" I asked.

"I would, only I can't stand heights."

I spoke tough. "If you don't go up he will come down—head first."

It acted. That was the beginning of the worst experience I have ever had. She said she would go up on condition I followed immediately behind, in case she felt giddy. I didn't like the idea, but as I had persuaded her to make the ascent I had to agree. She was a big, heavy woman and I felt small and insecure climbing behind her. We were well away when she looked down to see if I was there. Lucky for her I was. She gasped and the ladder vibrated with her nervousness. "Keep your head up, missus!" I yelled. "Don't panic. I'm here."

She followed my advice and we went on until she was within speaking distance of her son, who was still playing his instrument. "You bad boy, Randal. Come down at once!" she screeched.

"Don't want to come down," he said simply, and resumed his music.

"Very well, you can stay there. I suppose you know your animals have not been fed. I don't intend to look after them. They can die for all I care."

His mouth formed a circle and he stopped playing. He shoved the instrument into his pocket and disentangled his legs from the weather vane.

I don't know much about the rest of his actions. His mother screamed and the ladder shook like a blade of grass in a breeze. I bawled to her to keep cool and grabbed hold of her ankles. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Randal pass us, his hands and feet finding holds on the surface of the tower that would have puzzled a pigeon. I could actually *feel* the gasp of amazement from the crowd below as I dealt with the bundle of nerves that was Randal's mother.

We did get down — don't ask me how I did it, I don't know—and I handed over the woman to two policemen, three firemen, six ambulance men and two reporters. I sat at the foot of the ladder holding my head.

When the woman pulled round she showed her relief by planting a couple of clouts on Randal's ears. He started to blubber and said something about his animals.

By this time the buzzing in my ears had settled down to a steady drone and to clear my mind I asked what kind of animals Randal kept.

Her face lit up with motherly pride: "He has a pair of white mice at home. He is so clever with them, you wouldn't believe. Sometimes I think they understand every word he says to them."

I remembered his old man saying Randal was interested in animals, but I imagined something more advanced. The reporters made a good story of it, except for describing Randal as coming down with the speed of a penguin in flight. Evidently they misunderstood me.

with my feet up by ian fox

We're in a State

Senator Richard Russell, of the State of Georgia, U.S.A., certainly said something recently. "The British Empire is likely to break up," he said. "England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales should become the 49th, 50th, 51st and 52nd States of America."

Well, that sure is mighty kind of you, Senator. You already have a State called New England, so why not Old England,

As States Nos 49-52 (incl.) we should gain a number of things. For instance, presumably we should not be expected to pay back the American Loan. And we should get a lot of chewing gum. And nylons. And Scotch whisky.

And be able to stand up in court and shout "I object." And be citizens of God's Own Country. And be of the same nationality as Jane Russell. And belong to a country where, as recently published statistics show, an average of thirty-six murders are committed every day.

Somehow, I don't think England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will like the idea of becoming G.I. Brides. Perhaps they will take it philosophically. I can imagine the Scots saying: "Och, why should we worry oursel's? It will only be like having another 130,000,000 Sassenachs to educate."

Some people, however, would object so violently that I can see a Resistance Movement growing up. Englishmen will be parachuted by night into Washington. British frogmen will be swimming in New York Harbour fixing sticky-bombs to the ferry boats.

* * *

However, when you come to consider America—well, Britain thought of it first. If it had not been for the Pilgrim Fathers sailing from Southampton in 1620, America would probably have been less civilized than she is now.

If those old Pilgrim Fathers could hear Senator Russell, perhaps they would feel like Frankenstein, who created a monster which finally destroyed him.

Ah well, I dare say that, even as a State of America, Britain will muddle through.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

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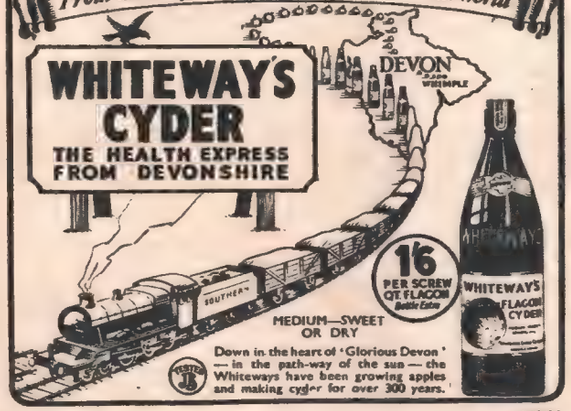

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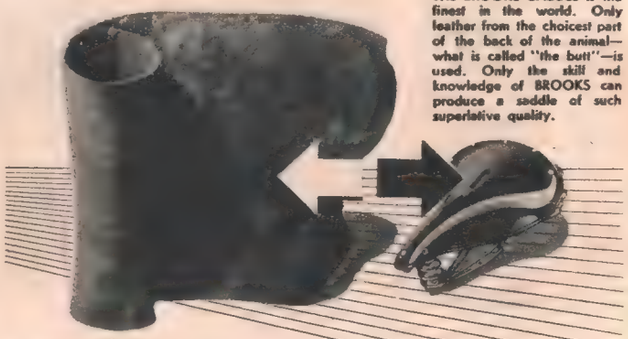

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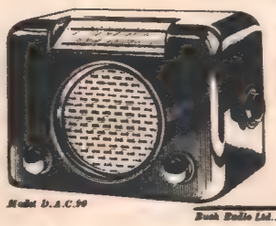

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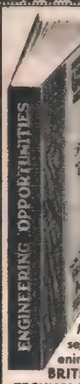

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FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

CITIZENS—OR SLAVES?

WE ARE ALWAYS being reminded of our duties and obligations, but what of our Rights?

Railway companies charge full fares for cramped standing room, gas companies calmly cut down the pressure without warning, and the Government's one thought when a shortage threatens seems to be: "Cut down supplies to the individual."

Nor is there *equality* of sacrifice. Midweek football has been denied the workers but racing and cricket, matinee performances and afternoon concerts are not banned.

Is the common man to become the slave of the State? Has he not the *right* to a home, to warmth, to food, to comfort? Are these things denied the rich?—J. F. BOTT, 356 Moseley Road, Birmingham 12.

Houseproud

THE LETTER FROM Mrs. H. Oppen (JOHN BULL, March 22) complaining about the housing racket is a good example of the dog-in-the-manger attitude of the labouring classes.

If Mrs. Oppen were to own a house bought out of hard-earned cash would she, I wonder, be content to have the selling or letting of it under the control of a housing officer?

We have very few freedoms left us now and if people like Mrs. Oppen had their way we would have none.

Her attitude is very strong among the labouring classes. I should like to add that I am an ex-Serviceman and not a Tory.—H. R. KNOWLES, 23 Churchill Way, Peverell, Plymouth, Devon.

Shown the Door

WE HOPE THAT Mrs. Oppen's letter about houses "under the counter" does not give the impression that the majority of estate agents employ grafting clerks.

Our firm, with over 1,000 properties on its books, practises first come, first served, and those who offer key money are shown the door without delay.

If houses were allocated through municipal authorities the temptation to favouritism would merely be transferred to public servants who are just as human as agents' clerks.—A. H. G., Manchester 2. (Name and address enclosed.)

*** Mrs. Oppen alleged it was a common practice for estate agents' clerks to be passed "a small present"—say, £25—as an inducement to produce houses "from under the counter." She suggested all vacant accommodation should be allocated through district housing officers.—EDITOR.

Shuttle Service

THE OTHER DAY a parcel of white wool was received here by post from New Zealand. On each skein a label, "Manufactured in Guiseley, Yorks," was affixed.

Are we exporting goods so that they can be sent back again?—E. J. BRAYBROOKE, Market Place, Burgh, Skegness.

Blackcoats Only

I WORK AT A LARGE colliery equipped with a canteen big enough to feed both the miners and the office staff. The newly arrived N.C.B. area officer, however, has applied for a licence for a separate canteen for the office staff.

This is likely to cause strife between workers and officials and a Miners' Union spokesman has stated that "if we are not good enough to eat with, then we are not good enough to work with."

Is this the way the National Coal Board is going to create better feeling in the mines? Is this Socialism?—J. D., Northumberland. (Name and address enclosed.)

Draw the Stumps

THOUGH I ENJOY WATCHING cricket, it does seem wrong to me that, in this critical period, hundreds of young men should spend the entire summer chasing a leather ball across a field and that

"... better use for grazing"

thousands more should devote days to watching them.

Not only would everyone concerned be doing far better work in a garden or allotment but the cricket pitches could be put to better use for grazing.—A. WELLAND, 24 Yeovil Close, Orpington, Kent.

Good Old (12-hour) Days

SITTING IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR, I recalled the time when I was able to have a shave and haircut on a Sunday. The barber—an elderly man—began to reminisce. He recalled the "good old days" when he worked till midnight on a Saturday, half a day on Sunday, and until eight or nine at night on weekdays.

Surely he was happier now with shorter hours? "Why, man," he answered, "I never had time to be unhappy then. I have now."—E. L. KNOX, 64 Locksley Avenue, Glasgow, W.3.

Give Nurses Cars

AT THREE O'CLOCK one morning a young district nurse was making her way to a confinement. She slipped from her second-rate push bike, picked herself up, bruised and sore, and went on to the patient.

She, and hundreds like her, carry on in all weathers; yet a bicycle is the best transport our administrators can issue to them.

Surely a small car and a driver should always be available for nurses. Much less valuable people are often overlavishly catered for by those who have the spending of public funds.—ALFRED E. SHUTTLEWORTH, 15 Shrewsbury Street, Old Trafford, Manchester, 16.

Free Fares

WHEN TRANSPORT IS NATIONALIZED and the railwaymen become Civil Servants, will they lose the concession of quarter fares and free passes?

Or will all other Civil Servants become entitled to the same concession?—F. W. F. JONES, 16 Bennetts Road, Horsham, Sussex.

Urge for Thrills

A GOOD WIFE and a lovely bouncing twelve-month-old baby boy, a place to call my own and a fairly good job—I have all these things and should be happy. But there come times when I feel an urge for excitement.

I have been demobbed almost a year. I was a naval commando and saw my share of war in all its hatefulness. I had my buddy die in my arms and I saw a baby crying in the ruins of its home while its mother lay in the street, a bundle of tattered clothes. I hated war and the suffering it brought.

And I swore that when I got home it would be the fields and the woods for me—the honest simple things.

Now I have them. But deep in my heart there is this restless urge for excitement. Why?—JAMES W. CULLIN, Hut 21, Military Camp, Heron Road, Meols, Wirral.

Clock In—at Home

THOUSANDS OF MEN are having their working hours reduced. But no suggestion is ever made that there should

"... forewoman of the home"

be a reduction in hours for the housewife. She goes on mornings and evenings, weekends and holidays, wet or fine, without striking or expecting overtime pay.

I suggest that all men who are now working several hours less a week should put in the same number of hours helping their wives.

For instance, the man who no longer works on Saturdays could use the morning scrubbing, cleaning, queueing at the shops or doing whatever other jobs his wife, the "forewoman" of the home, wants done.—T. ARMITAGE, Mount Preston, Leeds.

Emigration: Is it Right?

FOR NEARLY TWELVE MONTHS my wife and I have been considering emigration. We aim at going to Canada and, naturally, the new JOHN BULL series by Roland Wild, "I was an Emigrant," is just what we want.

I have a pretty good idea that Roland Wild's articles will finally sway us one way or the other.

Apart from practical considerations, I am a little disturbed about the moral aspect of emigration.

Can Britain afford to lose any of her young married couples today? Are we deserting a ship that, while not sinking, is certainly in difficulties?

Clarification on this aspect of emigration would be welcome.—J. W. HILL, Cavendish Road, Leeds.

Violence in Palestine

I AM ASHAMED that Miss Naomi Grant (JOHN BULL, April 5) should stoop to the depths of irrationality to defend the Palestine terrorists and champion their deeds.

After six years of bloodshed — an unforgettable nightmare—how can anyone choose to give backing to more violence?—MARCUS SHLOIMOVITZ, Member of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, 33 Howe Street, Salford 7, Lancs.

*** Miss Grant said: "Terrorism is hateful to Jews . . . but the Palestine 'terrorists' are not mere thugs. They are keen patriots driven to despair by the sufferings of their people."—EDITOR.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

NURSERY RHYMES

(1) What are little boys and girls "made of?" (2) Where is "the little boy that looks after the sheep?" (3) What was the only tune Tom the Piper's son could play? (4) On what days of the week was Solomon Grundy born, married, buried? (5) What shall little Tommy Tucker eat?

WOMEN OF HISTORY

(1) What is the Bayeux Tapestry and who wove it? (2) How did these women die: Mary Queen of Scots, Catherine Parr, Joan of Arc? (3) What queen of England was kept out of her husband's coronation because she had no ticket? (4) Who was the woman in Parnell's life? (5) Who was the first woman cabinet minister?

AMERICAN SPORT

(1) Why are American football goal posts ten yards behind the goal lines? (2) What is a home run? (3) What is the object of "huddles" gone into by American footballers? (4) Are major football and baseball in the U.S. amateur or professional? (5) Which are the home cities of these baseball teams: Yankees, Cardinals, Cubs, Giants?

EXPLORERS

(1) Many authorities now credit Lief Ericson with the discovery of a continent; which one, and who was previously credited with its discovery? (2) Which part of the world did Charles Doughty explore? (3) Whom did Captain Oates accompany? (4) What were the nationalities of Christopher Columbus, Prince Henry the Navigator, Eric the Red, Martin Frobisher? (5) Which famous explorer recently set off again for the Antarctic?

PLANTS

(1) What makes leaves green? (2) The flowers of cabbages and cauliflowers are cross-shaped, giving rise to their generic name; which? (3) Plants are divided into annuals, biennials, perennials; to which classes do Canterbury Bells, Potatoes, Peas belong? (4) What curious habit do the sundew and the butterwort practise? (5) Seaweed, fungi and moss are all cryptogams; what does that mean?

(*Answers on page 22*)

SEE the couple in this Swiss train, viewing some of the finest scenery in Europe? Enter this week's best *Bullet* and to celebrate winning a £600 fortune, you also can be aboard it with a companion, enjoying a free 1,400-mile Holiday in Switzerland for Two!

"My wife and I are looking forward to it with great eagerness," said £600 winner, G. Hotchkin, 36 Green Drive, Cleveleys, the first reader to win a *Bullets* Swiss Holiday. Enter some bright efforts on the coupon below and, as this week's £600 First Prize-winner, you can follow Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkin to the Alps!

How to Make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

£600 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Second £50
Third £25
5 of £10
7 cash prizes above each plus
SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO
5 HOLIDAY CHEQUES £5
20 WHITSUN HAMPERS
30 SEASON TICKETS
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITANNIA'S FAMILY
WE MUST SAVE FUEL, SO
GOING TO IT
QUESTION FOR UNO
THE EASY WAY
SHATTERING BLOW
IN FIELD AND FACTORY
SPEEDY RECOVERY
WOMEN
EMPTY HOUSE
A LITTLE LATE
FOOLISH PARENTS
HAD EVERYTHING
TO GET A HOLIDAY
DISAPPOINTED GRANDPA
NOBODY THINKS
LADY LUCK
OLD-FASHIONED REMEDY
DOWN TO BRASS TACKS
WHEN DAD TRIED PAINTING

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

WHAT.....LOOKING FOR
.....ANSWER
DOESN'T LIKE.....
TONS OF.....
SAFE IN.....
IF HE HAD A.....

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces, half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated May 24, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

"Bullets" Result No. 1,572

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: R. Simpson, 58 Broughton Road, Pendleton, Salford 6:
Round And Round Resembling "Dodgems," Foreign Ministers.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: G. Hart, 57 Mandrake Road, Tooting, S.W.17: **In Spite Of Shortages—Thankful For "So Much."**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: J. Cuthbert, 6 Woodend Cottages, Hill of Beath, by Crossgates, Fife: **In Spite Of Plenty—Emigrant "Hungering"—For Britain!**

THREE PRIZES OF £10 plus Seaside Holiday: S. Hartshorn, 133 Breach Road, Heanor, Notts: **In Spite Of Want—And "Bellyful," Power Politics!** T. Naybour, 4 Gorsefield Road, Prenton, Birkenhead: **In Our House—Can Realize "Peacemakers'" Difficulties!** Miss M. E. Pearce, 152 Kinson Road, East Howe, Bournemouth: **Packet Of Trouble — *And* "Food Parcel," Allotment.**

SIX PRIZES OF £5: Miss A. Antoinette, c/o Mrs. Wilson, 46 Haddon Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool 9: **The Bulldog Spirit—Fortunately Henpeck's Moustache Muffles!** L. P. Aris, 10 Upland Avenue, Pond Park, Chesham: **To Feed The Machines—Laundry Must Use Pitchforks!** A. Cavey, 8 New Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2: **Man With Vision—Built Brewery In *Fenland*!** P. Hicks, Allandale, Warminster, Wilts: **What Started It—Bargee Called Stevedore "Cad"!** Capt. T. Prentice, Old Beams, Aylesbury, Bucks: **Like A Galley Slave—Expecting Lash, Passport Photograph!** W. Snape, 411 The Radleys, Marston Green, Birmingham: **At Giles' Wedding—Crows Were *Really* Scared!**

50 prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have been posted to winners.

HOLIDAY TOURS WITH CROSSWORD CASH!

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword —awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

Post your Square below by Monday, May 5.

XWORD 524 RESULT

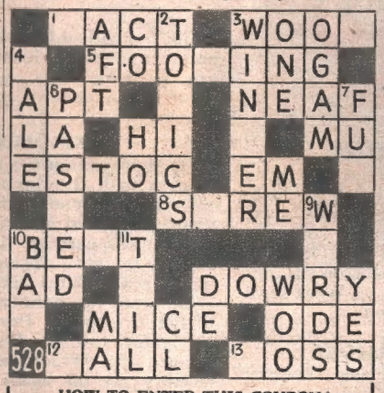
WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Flam. 2, Fool. 4, Slam. 7, Pale. 10, Page. 11, Ports. 12, Bail.
DOWN: 1, Flush. 2, Faked. 3, Luck. 4, Stamp. 5, Maid. 6, Rice. 8, Swell. 9, Cop.

TEN £100 SHARERS: W. L. Dann, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2; C. Dawson, Stanford-le-Hope; Sgt. D. Gibbs, Weston-super-Mare; M. L. Head, Blaenau Festiniog; W. R. May, Llanelly; Sgt. R. G. Parker, Barnet; Mrs. H. H. Parr, Alexandria; A. Spencer, Dewsbury; Mrs. W. Thomson, Torry; E. G. Urwin, Peterboro'. Winners receive Hampers.

73 Runners-up share Award value £25.

Across Clues XWORD 528
1. It should be possible to establish agreement about this
3. If Britain were out of this, we might well use more coal
5. You pay for this
8. A man may sometimes be forgiven for turning on
10. Many a policeman feels lost without his
12. Beauty of this is somewhat enhanced by lovely flowers
13. It may need great tact and cunning to get over

Down Clues
2. Some are apt to leave a bitter taste behind
3. Violence of, occasionally spoils good football match
4. To some people this also means misery
6. Advertisers are naturally annoyed if their posters are this
7. Is sometimes a bit thick at smoking concerts
9. Guard ought to be kept over these
10. Sportsman will probably boast of his, if he has one
11. If you want to get on, keep this up



HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated May 17 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., MAY 5

No.....

528

Signed.....

Address.....

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ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,576 (or XWORD 528); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated May 17 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

389

NAME .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark,
1,576 MON., MAY 5

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Unpaid Rent

"I OWN A SMALL COTTAGE for which the rent is 10s. a week including rates, but I have great difficulty in getting the rent. The agent does nothing to compel payment although I have often instructed him to do so. I am living on a small pension and need the money. What do you advise?"

▶▶ You should issue a summons in the County Court for the arrears of rent. If you do it yourself it will cost only a few shillings, but more if you engage a solicitor to act for you. The tenant would have to pay court fees.

Export Licences

"COULD YOU LET ME KNOW if one is allowed to send vegetable garden seeds to friends in the U.S.A."

▶▶ To send vegetable seeds out of the country an export licence must be obtained from the Board of Trade, Export Licensing Department, Stafford House, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

Jury Service

"BEING EXEMPT from jury service on account of retirement from Government service, I wish to know the procedure for admittance on the jury panel. Can you please help?"

▶▶ It will be necessary to apply to the Registration Officer who prepares the Jury List at your town hall.

Unmade Road

"WE LIVE IN A ROAD which has not been taken over by the local authority. All the residents are asking the council to take it over. Can the council demand that we do the road up before taking over? Can the council charge us if it does the work?"

▶▶ The council may require the road to be made up to a certain standard before it takes over. Otherwise each owner will be required to contribute to the cost according to the frontage he owns.

Insurance Book

"MY SON, NOW ON DEMOB leave, has the opportunity to buy an insurance book from a collector in a large insurance company. The book is valued at £500, payable £100 down, the remainder at 30s. a week. If he accepts this offer, will the 30s. a week be exempted from income tax?"

▶▶ The weekly 30s. would be regarded as capital expenditure and as such your son would be unable to claim it as a deduction from his income for tax purposes. He will have to pay the 30s. out of what remains of his earnings after they have been taxed.

Signet Ring That Broke

"RECENTLY I BOUGHT a gold signet ring for my daughter and five days later it broke. I accused the jeweller of selling me a secondhand ring but he said he did not buy secondhand gold. I now have proof that he does buy secondhand gold. Can I compel him to return my money?"

▶▶ Unless you have definite proof that the ring in question was secondhand you are unlikely to succeed in a claim for the return of your money.

Loss of Earnings

"FOLLOWING EACH OF TWO operations I was paid full compensation. Since the second operation I have been put on lighter work and earn £5 6s. a week instead of the pre-accident rate of £8. I have claimed partial compensation, but the insurance company refuses unless I have another operation, which my doctor does not advise. What is my position?"

▶▶ You are not obliged to have another operation if your doctor does not advise it. The company can only refuse to pay compensation if your refusal to have the operation is unreasonable.

Deductions from Benefit

"AS I FORGOT TO SEND in my insurance card at the end of 1946, I have been fined 18s., which is being deducted from my 9s. a week disablement pay. Is the approved society doing right in taking 4s. 6d. a week from me?"

▶▶ As you delayed surrendering the stamped contribution card the rate of benefit allowable to you is not adjusted until four weeks after the date on which the approved society received the card. The reduction of the rate of benefit is correct.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 21

NURSERY RHYMES. (1) Boys: "snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails"; girls: "sugar and spice and all that's nice." (2) "Under the haycock fast asleep." (3) "Over the hills and far away." (4) Monday, Wednesday, Sunday. (5) White bread and butter.

WOMEN OF HISTORY. (1) A tapestry over 200 ft. long representing the Battle of Hastings and the events which led to it, worked by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror. (2) Beheaded; in childbirth; burnt at the stake. (3) Queen Caroline, wife of George IV, who hated her. (4) Kitty O'Shea. (5) Margaret Bondfield.

AMERICAN SPORT. (1) To prevent players from hurting themselves when playing around them. (2) A baseball term for a "rounder"—complete circuit of the field from one shot. (3) To decide what tactics should be adopted for the next play. (4) Football is amateur, baseball professional. (5) New York, St. Louis, Chicago, New York.

EXPLORERS. (1) America; Columbus. (2) Arabia. (3) Scott. (4) Genoese, Portuguese, Norse, British. (5) Admiral Byrd.

PLANTS. (1) Chlorophyll. (2) Cruciferae. (3) Biennial, perennial, annual. (4) Insect catching. (5) That they have no stamens or pistils and therefore no proper flowers.

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Bird Hints

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YOUR PARROT should on no account be given such foods as cake, pastries, meat or bones, which will only upset the digestive system. To keep your parrot in perfect health, make sure that he has the right kind of foods. Give him fresh, dry green food, such as watercress, lettuce leaf or tender cabbage leaf and, very occasionally raw carrot or a piece of sweet apple or orange.

Every day give fresh water for drinking and CAPERNS PARROT FOOD.

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